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State Library Hall 06

LABOR DAY CELEBRATION A SUCCESS.

Good Sized Crowd Enjoys a Day's Sport at Smethport.

TWO EXCITING BASEBALL GAMES.

The Parade, Races and Tug-of-War Pleasing Events.—The Dance a Decided Success.

The first celebration of Labor Day in Smethport will be marked as a success in every way and the committee who had the arrangements in charge deserve merited credit for their good work. The town was filled with visitors from all directions and all were well pleased with their entertainment. The day was rather cool, but pleasant and every event advertised was pulled off at the proper time.

The Hazelhurst cornet band played well considering the fact that nearly all are beginners and they have only recently reorganized. The Smethport band, which is just reorganizing, was assisted by several Eldred musicians and played well.

The parade formed on King street right resting at court house and marched in the following order: Marshall and aides, automobiles and carriages containing Grand Army of the Republic, county and borough officials and factory owners and managers, Smethport Band, Glass Bottle Blowers Association, Amalgamated Window Glass Workers of America, United Brotherhood of Carpenters and Joiners of America, Retail Clerks International Protective Association, International Protective Association of Window Glass Snappers, Hazelhurst Cornet Band, Smethport Hose Company, Odd Fellows, local and visitors, Bolivar Base Ball Club; Smethport Base Ball Club. The line of march was down King to Mechanic to Main to Marvin, countermarch down Main street and disband at court house.

Over two hundred men were in line and it made a very imposing parade. The G. B. B. A. had the largest number of Union men in line and the Carpenters were second. The other organizations also were well represented and all marched with the military precision of veterans, presenting a very neat appearance.

Immediately following the parade the massed bands led the crowd to Kane Field where the Tug-of-War was pulled off between the Glass Bottle Workers and the Window Glass Workers. Barry Jarritt and Long Fritz tugged with the Bottle Workers which made their victory a comparatively easy one.

The 100 yard dash which was run between the Union and Mechanic street crossings, at 1 p. m., was won by "Bill" Andrews and he also was the winner of the 200 yard dash which was pulled off a short time later between the Church and Fulton street crossings.

In the evening a most enjoyable dance was given at the Smethport Lyceum. One of the largest crowds that has attended dances here in a long time was present and danced until a late hour to the inspiring music of the Lyceum orchestra. The participants in the terpsichorean festivities were unusually well behaved and it can truthfully be said that the party was a social as well as a financial success.

The universal opinion of Smethport people is: give us more Labor Day celebration like the first one.

MT. JEWETT RAMBLERS 5; HAZELHURST 3.

In a hotly contested and well played game the Mt. Jewett Ramblers defeated the Hazelhurst team at Kane Field in the morning by the above score.

Escorted by the Hazelhurst Cornet Band and a goodly number of fans Mayor Potter's team arrived on Kane Field on schedule time—10 o'clock but the Mountaineers were slow about getting around and it was nearly 11 o'clock before the game was started, and then they had to fill out with Denning of Smethport who materially assisted in winning the game.

The game started with Hazelhurst at bat and Dandoy, the first up, touched the ball for two sacks. The next two fanned and Wise, who followed, was retired on a grounder to pitcher. With one out Slack for the Ramblers hit safely, stole second and scored on Johnson's single after Davis had fanned, and Denning drew a pass, Mellaudier's fly to Dandoy retiring the side with one run.

The Hazelhurst gladiators retired in order in the second. After his brother had fanned R. Oakes made a single, stole second, Miller flyed out and Rupert's hit scored Oakes, but he was caught trying to make second on the throw.

In the third Block opened with a single, stole second, reached third on Allen's out and scored on a passed ball. Dandoy drew a pass and got around to third on Dickson's hit and Davis' error of Diamond's grounder, but was caught at the plate on a grounder by pitcher. Dickson scored on H. DeGoller's single and Diamond was caught at the plate on a player's choice, retiring the side. With one out Davis hit safely, stole and scored on Denning's hit, Denning reaching third on the catcher's error and scoring on the next out. Score, Ramblers 4, Hazelhurst 2.

Lambillotte reached second on Davis' high throw to first, Block went out, Allen reached first on Rupert's error and Denning's overthrow to catch Lambillotte at third scored him and the next two went out, retiring the side. After S. Oakes fanned R. Oakes hit safely, advanced on Miller's out and scored on Rupert's single, Slack's fly retiring the Ramblers. This ended the scoring on both sides; Ramblers 5, Hazelhurst 3.

In their half of the ninth, after two were out, Hazelhurst's hopes were raised when Allen and Dandoy both hit safely but R. Oakes made a clever pickup of Dickson's grounder which ended their chances.

Dickson undoubtedly made the star play of the game and a play which is very seldom made, when he threw Rupert out from center field to first on a fine drive over second base.

The tabulated score follows:

Hazelhurst	Ab	R	H	PO	A	E
Dandoy, 2b	4	0	2	5	1	0
Dickson, lf	5	1	2	2	0	2
Diamond, ss	4	0	0	1	6	0
Wise, cf	4	0	0	1	0	1
H. DeGoller, c	4	0	1	5	1	1
F. DeGoller, p	4	0	0	0	2	0
Lambillotte, 3b	4	1	0	3	3	0
Block, cf	4	0	0	1	0	0
Allen, 1b	4	0	1	11	0	0
Totals	37	3	7	27	13	3

Mt. Jewett	Ab	R	H	PO	A	E
Rupert, c	5	0	2	9	0	1
Slack, c	4	1	1	6	1	0
Davis, 3b	4	1	1	3	3	2
Denning, 1b	3	1	1	17	0	1
Johnson, p	4	0	0	0	5	0
Mellaudier, lf	4	0	0	2	0	0
R. Oakes, cf	4	0	0	0	0	0
S. Oakes, 2b	4	2	1	1	4	0
Miller, rf	4	0	0	0	0	0
Totals	36	5	6	27	13	4

By innings:

Hazelhurst	0	0	2	1	0	0	0	0	0—3
Mt. Jewett	1	1	2	1	0	0	0	0	0—5

Earned runs—Mt. Jewett 3.
Two base hit—Dandoy.
Base on balls—off Johnson 1; off DeGoller 1
Struck out—by Johnson 4; by DeGoller 6.
Stolen bases—Block, Davis.
Passed balls—Slack 1.
Umpire—A. B. Kidder.

SMETHPORT 9; BOLIVAR 2.

The home team defeated the strong Bolivar team at Kane Field by the above score and thus evened up matters with the York State folks in baseball circles. Denning pitched an excellent game and had gilt-edge support, the two runs made by the visiting team being made on an excusable error in the eighth inning.

The visitors were first at bat and Denning struck out the first two and a grounder to third retired the side. Daniels got hit and was caught attempting to steal, Tull hit safely, but Keefer flyed out to center garden and McCabe fanned.

Taylor started the second with a hit, was advanced on Penfield's out and stole third, Poole put one to left field that looked like a hit, but Estry nabbed it after a hard run and held Taylor on third, Jordan's grounder to Tull ending their chances. After two were out Andrews landed on second on Jordan's error, Dougherty dropped Young's fly and Denning and Daniels hit safely, scoring three runs and the side was retired by catching Daniels at second.

G. Stohr opened the third by taking one in the slats, advanced on Davey's sacrifice but was doubled at third on F. Stohr's grounder to Tull. With one out Keefer waited and walked and scored on McCabe's two base hit along third base line. King fanned, Estry got hit and Andrews struck out.

Each side was retired in the fourth inning in order, McCabe participating in all three of the visitors' outs.

In the fifth Daniels fumbled Penfield's hot one just enough to give him a life on a close decision, Poole made a hit but Penfield was caught at third and Jordan at first on his grounder to Tull and Davey's strike-out retired the side after G. Stohr took another in the ribs. Tull was first up and Davey shoved him clear around on a pass, a wild pitch, a balk and a bad throw in attempting to catch him napping off third. Keefer banted safely, McCabe cracked out a single, King got a life on an error and Estry drove out a long single, scoring all three. The next three were retired in order.

F. Stohr drew a pass to start the sixth, stole second, Dougherty got hit and both advanced on Herrick's grounder to Keefer, Taylor then put a fly into short right which looked bad but King gathered it in and held Stohr at third and Penfield's grounder to Tull again relieved the strain on those who were looking for a shut out. Smethport failed to score in this inning, Keefer being the only man to get a hit.

Denning got Poole's grounder in the seventh and fanned Jordan and G. Stohr Smethport scored one in this inning by Estry's hit and Penfield's fumbling Andrews' long fly in left field.

Davey started the eighth with a hit, advanced to third on F. Stohr's sacrifice and started for home on Dougherty's attempted sacrifice but turned back when he saw he was cut off. Young followed up and threw to McCabe, who muffed it and could not get it back in time to prevent his scoring, Dougherty kept running and was allowed to come in on the ground rule for overthrows, Herrick drew a pass and was caught at second on a player's choice, as was Taylor who reached first on Herrick's out. Smethport failed to score in this inning, Tull making the only hit.

In the ninth Poole, Jordan and G. Stohr hit grounders to Tull.

Tabulated score follows

Bolivar	Ab	R	H	PO	A	E
F. Stohr, 2b	3	0	0	1	3	0
Dougherty, rf	3	0	1	0	0	0
Herrick, cf	3	0	0	2	0	0
Taylor, p	3	0	1	0	5	0
Penfield, lf	3	0	0	1	0	1
Poole, ss	3	0	1	2	0	1
Jordan, 1b	3	0	0	9	1	1
G. Stohr, 3b	2	0	0	1	1	1
Davey, c	2	1	0	1	1	1
Totals	27	1	2	17	11	5

Smethport	Ab	R	H	PO	A	E
Daniels, 2b	4	0	1	2	2	1
Tull, ss	4	1	2	0	6	0
Keefer, lf	4	2	2	10	1	0
McCabe, 3b	5	1	2	3	5	1
King, rf	4	1	0	1	0	0
Estry, c	3	0	1	9	0	0
Andrews, cf	4	2	0	1	0	0
Young, c	4	1	0	4	1	0
Denning, p	4	1	1	0	8	0
Total	37	9	9	27	18	2

By innings:

Bolivar	0	0	0	0	0	0	0	2	0—2
Smethport	0	3	1	0	4	0	1	0	*—9

Earned runs—Smethport 1
Two base hit—McCabe.
Base on balls—off Davey 2; off Denning 2.
Struck out—by Davey 10; by Denning 3.
Sacrifice hits—F. Stohr, Davey.
Stolen bases—F. Stohr, Poole, King.
Double plays—Tull to Keefer to McCabe, Tull to McCabe to Keefer
Hit by pitcher—F. Stohr 2, Dougherty, Daniels, Estry 2.
Passed balls—Taylor 1.
Wild pitch—Davey.
Balk—Davey.
Time of game—1:55.
Umpire—D. Davis.

A Pig Roast.

Yesterday the male members of Daly Brook Lodge extended invitations to their fathers and a few friends to participate in a roast pig dinner to be served at the Lodge at 6 p. m. The invitation met with the approval of all and nearly everyone invited responded in person, and between 25 and 30 gathered around the festive board.

The dinner, comprised of roast pig with apple sauce, fried chicken, green corn, boiled potatoes and sweet potatoes and numerous other palatable things which were prepared by Mr. and Mrs. Walter Daly. The guests ate as they never ate before and all are of the opinion that the members of the Daly Brook Lodge are good entertainers and that as caterers it would be hard to find anyone who can beat Mr. and Mrs. Daly.

Besides being a gastronomical success a very pleasant social evening was spent and the elder members of the party were highly pleased with the way matters at Daly Brook Lodge. A repetition of this event will be warmly greeted by all who attended.

Golden Wedding.

Mr. and Mrs. J. B. Barber celebrated their fiftieth wedding anniversary on Tuesday, Sept. 5, at their home on Main street, with a family dinner and the day marked in very happy event in the lives of this venerable couple. They were married at New Castle, Pa., Sept. 5, 1855, and were residents of that place until this spring when they moved to Smethport.

The table was decorated with sweet peas and covers were laid for sixteen. A beautiful wedding cake having the names of the happy couple and the date of their marriage upon it was sent from New Castle by Roy Barber. Four generations were seated at the table and included Mr. and Mrs. J. B. Barber, Sr., Mr. and Mrs. John Walker, Mr. and Mrs. J. Scott Walker, Mr. and Mrs. T. W. Camp, Mr. Harry Barber, Mr. Edward Walker, Miss Gertrude Walker and Miss Mabel Camp of Smethport, Mr. and Mrs. James Barber of Cleveland, O., and J. B. Barber and George Barber of New Castle.

To Number Mail Boxes.

To facilitate a more accurate handling of the mail by rural free delivery carriers the postoffice department is arranging for the numbering of all rural letter boxes which under the regulations of the department are entitled to service, and authorizing the delivery by rural letter carriers of ordinary mail matter of all classes addressed to boxes by number alone so long as improper and unlawful business is not conducted thereby, the same as is now permitted in the case of postoffice boxes. Instructions will be issued to postmasters within a short time to assign to boxes entitled to service consecutive numbers beginning with the first box reached by the carrier after leaving the postoffice and a new box erected subsequent to the original numbering will be assigned the next consecutive number in the use of the particular route.

Autos Will be Cheaper.

Thomas Edison, the noted inventor has been touring the Pocono mountains, in an automobile, accompanied by his son and some friends. Mr. Edison says that with his new storage battery, recently perfected, it will be possible to manufacture an automobile for $250 or $300, which will embody practically all the essential features of the present machine, although the new auto will necessarily be of smaller dimensions than a touring car.

Lost.

An open faced gold watch with "O. C. C." engraved on back. Finder will be liberally rewarded by returning same to sheriff's office, court house.

WILL STAND FIRMLY FOR SLIDING SCALE.

So Glass Manufacturers in Mountain District Decide Yesterday.

MEETING WAS HELD IN BRADFORD

Amalgamated Glass Workers Refuse to Work Under the Scale—Shutdown the Probable Result.

This morning's Bradford Era says: At a meeting of District No. 1, the Mountain District, National Association of Window Manufacturers, representing 860 pots, held Wednesday afternoon at the Hotel Holley, it was voted unanimously to stand firmly for the Cedar Point, or manufacturer's wage scale. This means an extended shutdown of all the window glass plants in the district, excepting those where the workers accede to the manufacturers' scale and recede from the scale adopted by the Amalgamated association.

At yesterday's meeting representatives of the Manufacturers' association were present from Bradford, Smethport, Port Allegany, Shingle House, Kane and Hazelhurst. In all of the plants represented in the Mountain District as well as elsewhere, the Amalgamated men refuse to work unless their scale is accepted by the operators. This scale is a standard one, and the prices remain the same throughout the season, whereas the scale offered by the manufacturers is a sliding one and fluctuates with the market price of glass.

Arrangements had been made to begin operations yesterday at the Puma Glass Works, but owing to the failure of the management to secure a sufficient number of blowers, it was necessary to abandon the attempt. Four plants are in operation on the manufacturers' scale: The Pennsylvania Co. at Kane; C. P. Cole Works, Lancaster, O.; Little Washington Glass Co., Washington, Pa., and the Johnson Glass Co. at Hartford, Ind. All the other plants are still closed.

Italians Attack Man and Woman.

Tuesday's Bradford Era says: Lester Jones, of the Third Ward and Grace Bigler of Elm street were the victims of a murderous assault about 3 o'clock yesterday afternoon along the A. & K. railroad a short distance west of the city limits, at the hands of three Italians, two of whom are unknown to the police. Jones, in company with his brother, James Jones, had walked out the tracks toward the West Bradford, and were seated near a small culvert on the railway line, when they were joined by Mrs. Grace Bigler. The three were engaged in conversation and according to their story did not observe the approach of three Italians, who suddenly and without any preliminary word or action, jumped upon young Jones and began to beat him. One of the assailants turned to Mrs. Bigler, who was about to escape from the scene, and after knocking her down, stabbed her in the head and back, one of the murderous slashes nearly severing her right ear. She was struck twice on the head, once on the arm and received a very serious wound in the back, on the left side.

Young Jones was thrown against a barb-wire fence, where he was held by one of his assailants, while the latter's companions proceeded, with a knife, to to slash his victim, the knife cutting large rents in Jones' coat. One rent was directly over Jones' heart, indicating that the Italian had intended to finish him. His face, head and neck were frightfully cut, both cheeks being slashed to the bone, and three deep cuts were made on the back of his head and neck, requiring a number of stitches to close. In some unaccountable manner none of the knife thrusts struck a vital part. He will recover from the wounds, but will bear the marks of the assault for life.

The assailants, becoming alarmed at the outcries of young Jones and Mrs. Bigler, suddenly turned and fled. Persons attracted to the scene assisted in removing the two victims to their homes where they received surgical attention.

One of the Italians is known as "Rocky," but his two companions were strangers, apparently, in the city. Last night the police arrested several suspects but Jones failed to identify them and they were subsequently released. It is said that the Italians are members of the Black Hand society, which according to the story of one of the suspects taken into custody last night, has a membership of over 200 in Bradford and vicinity.

For Sale.

Lot in business part of town, south side of Main street, 48 feet front and 115 deep, with old house, for sale at a reasonable price. Inquire of Mrs Laura Taylor.

Potato crates in exchange for hay at Holmes & Gilfillan's.

ANCIENT HISTORY

Happening in McKean County in Days of Old. Taken from the Files.

A select company of invited guests assembled at the pleasant home of Mr. and Mrs. A. J. Otto, in Farmers Valley, on Wednesday June 18, 1879, upon the occasion of the marriage of their niece, Miss Mabelle Tinker, of Brooklyn, N. Y., to Mr. DeMott Haskill of this place. Rev. Dr. Andrews, of the Episcopal church of Olean, performed the ceremony and all present unite in bestowing congratulations and good wishes upon the happy young couple. The groom is the only son of Wm. Haskill, late proprietor of the Bennett House, and is a young man of good character and great promise and worthy of the good fortune which has thus befallen him. The bride is a lady of beauty and culture, and will be welcomed as an acquisition to the society of Smethport. The newly wedded ones took the train for Buffalo yesterday, and we understand they contemplate an extended tour. May the richest of heaven's blessings follow them.

Incident upon the discussion of the recommend of the grand jury that a new court house be built, it occurred to some of our citizens that a town clock located at some prominent point of the new building would be both a great advantage and an ornament. The idea was quickly acted upon. It was learned that a clock of suitable size could be procured for $400, and at once a subscription paper was started among the people of Smethport to raise the amount. So generally and generously was the invitation to subscribe responded to that within about forty eight hours the whole amount was pledged. This is Smethport's contribution to the new building and should it be found advisable to purchase a "ticker" of twice the value her people will also make up the balance.

The scum of the earth seems to have drifted upon Cole creek. It is therefore the frequent scene of petty and mean iniquity and bungling villainy. The latest occurrence, which outdoes all previous in that line, is the attempted robbery of Mr. John Herzog.

The great dailies of the country have given their accounts of the affair, with their usual astonishing inaccuracy and stupendous exaggeration, and it remains for the more modest weeklies to tell the facts as they really occurred.

The old man Herzog lived alone in a little house about half a mile this side of Wright's mill. He was supposed to have considerable money with him, the possession of which was the undoubted motive of the attack upon him. At about 10 o'clock Sunday evening July 13, 1879 a man by the name of Thomas Shehan called at the back door of the house and asked Herzog for a drink of water. As the cup of water was handed him, in reponse to the request, he dealt Herzog a powerful blow which felled him to the floor, and an accomplice at once coming to his assistance the two commenced tying his hands. They had nearly accomplished their purpose when by a powerful effort their victim partially released himself. At the same time a wagon passed the house and the robbers becoming frightened left him. Then Herzog seized an axe and gave chase. At a little distance from the house, the wagon having passed, the villains returned to the attack, when Herzog struck out with his axe and severed three fingers from the left hand of his principal assailant, Shehan. This ended the contest, as both turned and ran, and then for the first time Herzog gave the alarm by crying "murder" at the top of his voice. The cry startled the people living above and a number started in that direction. A Mr. Stoddard met Shehan and asked him what the trouble was. Noticing that he gave evasive answers and acted strangely he detained him until others arrived, when a light was procured and his condition ascertained. He was taken back to Herzog's house, from whence the whole party came to Smethport. Shehan was taken first to Dr. Brown's office, where his hand was dressed, then before Justice Ford, and committed to jail. Mr. Herzog is a man upwards of sixty years of age, short and thick set, and evidently retains yet a good portion of his youthful muscle and vigor. His assailant, Shehan, is rather of an unhandsome specimen of iniquity, red-headed and red-whiskered, and as he sat in the Justice's office covered with blood and groaning with pain, it was evident to a spectator that the way of the transgressor was hard, and he was beginning to understand it. His accomplice has not yet been captured. An acquaintance of Shehan's, whose name we did not learn, was arrested on suspicion on Monday and examined before the Justice, but Herzog could not identify him, and there was not sufficient evidence elicited to hold him. Mr. Herzog did not have a very great amount of money in his house, yet he took the very wise precaution to at once leave all that he had in his hands to 'Squire Ford for deposit in the bank.

See those fine heating stoves at Holmes & Gilfillan's.

LIBERAL PURSES AND PREMIUMS AT THE FAIR.

Good Races and Exhibits are Sure to be the Result.

$3100 IN PURSES AND PREMIUMS.

$2,100 in Purses for the Races and Over $1,000 in Premiums—$300 Each for the Harness Races and $100 for the Running.

The program for the McKean County Fair is about completed and it is certain that great sport is in store for the large crowd that is sure to attend. We are unable to give anything like a complete account of the attractions this week but the race program is completed. There will be three days racing; Wednesday, Thursday and Friday, and three races each day, two harness races with a purse of $300 for each, and a running race with a purse of $100, making $2,100 in purses for the three days.

We cannot give the exact classification of these races, but it is certain that some fast time will be made. Messrs. Robert and John Hilton, who are horsemen of experience, assure us that there will be a large number of good horses entered in these races and they will be fully up to the standard of races held any where in this section.

They assure us that by the fair being held after the circuit races are over many of the horses which have been doing good work will finish up the season by making a try for the purses here and therefore better horses will be entered here than at fairs which are held earlier in the season, while the circuit race meets are still on.

The liberal premiums being offered on live stock and produce are tempting to our farmers and stock raisers and much larger exhibits will be in evidence than was first expected. Owing to the lateness of getting things started it was thought that the exhibits would be somewhat limited this year, but from present indications the managers are going to be happily disappointed.

Next week we hope to be able to give a complete schedule of the races as well as an extended account of the premiums and other attractions.

Sixty Million Negroes.

The computations of Thomas Dixon, Jr., relative to the negro problem present the probability of sixty million people of that race in the United States at the close of the present century at the present rate of propagation. As the distinguished author and preacher has devoted his ethnological speculations particularly to negro questions it appears to him the greatest that has ever confronted the American people. A very casual computation of the natural increase among the whites of this country through native births, for the same period, in conjunction with immigration statistics, makes the estimate of Mr. Dixon appear less formidable by comparison. The possibilities of general population in this country at the opening of the twenty-first century are vast beyond estimates of reasonable accuracy. —Kane Republican.

A Fowl Crime.

Claude Heath spent time all last week doctoring a hen that was sick with cholera or some other hen disease, and it was slowly pining away. He despaired of curing it and had made up his mind to kill the hen, Tuesday being fixed upon as the date of her execution. But Monday night some young people had a corn roast and some one had an appetite for chicken. By fair means or foul they maliciously and with evil intent, invaded the premises of the party of the first part and deliberately purloined the defenceless hen. Whether it was roasted or boiled is unknown but it is hoped that it had as easy a death as it would have had the next day, but without doubt its remains were interred with much more ceremony than Mr. Heath would have given them.—Eldred Eagle.

I. O. O. F. at Philadelphia.

On account of the meeting of the Sovereign Grand Lodge, I. O. O. F., to be held at Philadelphia, Pa., September 16 to 23, the Pennsylvania Railroad Company will sell excursion tickets to Philadelphia, September 15 to 19, inclusive, good returning until September 25, inclusive, from all stations on its lines in the State of Pennsylvania at greatly reduced rates. An extension of return limit to October 5 may be obtained upon all tickets from points over one hundred miles distant from Philadelphia by payment of fee of $1 to Joint Agent, in whose hands all such tickets must be deposited immediately upon arrival at Philadelphia. Such tickets will be good for return passage upon date of withdrawal from Joint Agent. For specific rates and further information apply to nearest Pennsylvania railroad ticket agent.

LOST—About noon Monday between the bank and The Lindholm Co. store a small purse. Finder will be rewarded for return of property to this office.

The Ways of a New World

By WILLIS EMERY

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FRANZ was a sturdy lad of good German stock, and he had the pluck that comes of pure blood, yet he was forced to confess that the future looked extremely black when he found himself utterly alone and friendless in New York on the first day of his arrival. Aside from the dreadful noise, the bewildering confusion, the frantic haste and rudeness of the people he had a private cause for fearing the great city. He had no money, not a single penny, and he had always been told that something in one's pocket was more absolutely essential to one's existence in New York than anywhere else in the world.

They sent people home again if they were caught without money, he had heard, and that would be a bitter experience for a boy who had come to make his fortune. It would be gross injustice also, for he was not a pauper. He had brought capital to the new world amounting to more than a thousand marks in clean white currency. It was neatly stowed away inside a money belt around the waist of Wilhelm Muller, who was Franz's only near relative and who had come with him to this country.

So the money was all right. It was safe as a church, but Uncle Wilhelm was lost. What could have become of him?

He had left Franz sitting on a bench in Battery park and had gone to have a glass of beer with a red faced man whose acquaintance he had made on the ferry boat coming across from Hoboken.

Franz sat on the bench and turned his back to the bay. He had seen enough water in the last week and naturally found the tall buildings more interesting. By and by he began to feel the machinery of the ship that had brought him over the ocean throbbing in that wooden bench. This phenomenon—was at first mysterious and then distressing. Franz's stomach protested against it, and the boy was compelled to walk about.

He felt so much better afoot that he walked too far and could not find his way back to the bench where his uncle had left him. It seemed that this park, though so small, was a very confusing place, and yet if he and his uncle should walk about there looking for each other they must meet eventually. So Franz tramped and tramped until the clock on the square red tower had measured the flight of two hours.

He was then quite sure that Uncle Wilhelm was not in the park. He therefore accosted a man in a blue uniform and began to state the case to him, but the individual in blue could not understand German and clearly regarded the matter as none of his business. But another man who had been strolling along behind Franz for several minutes stepped up to him at this juncture.

"That isn't a policeman," said he in German. "That's a conductor of a car. If you want to go to the station house I'll show you the way."

Franz thought that the man was very obliging, but he proved to be somewhat too inquisitive. They had no sooner started off together than he began to

THAT ISN'T A POLICEMAN.

question the boy about his money. Franz dared not say that he had none left to speak of, he sent back to Germany, and so he assured the kind stranger that he had a thousand marks.

"I hope you keep it in a safe place," said his acquaintance. "There are a great many thieves in this city."

"It is in a money belt," replied Franz, whereat the stranger slapped him on the back and said that he was a clever boy.

They walked quite a long way, but did not reach the police station. Meanwhile the stranger repeatedly urged Franz to have some beer and was very much offended at his persistent refusal. This was very queer, but another feature of the case was much more extraordinary. The stranger always asked Franz to drink in the same bar.

Although this proceeding savored of evil, it excited Franz's curiosity much more than his alarm. The stranger was a lean, limp puny man, and Franz had no fear of him. So upon a sudden impulse the boy said: "Very well. We will go in."

They entered, and the stranger ordered two glasses of beer. Just as they were set upon the bar at the rear of the saloon, where there was the least light, Franz felt a quick tap on his back. He was far from suspecting that the man beside him had reached around and tapped him on the far shoulder with the end of a stick, but such was the case. The boy turned and saw no one. Naturally he was surprised and stood staring at a partition which was the nearest object within range. Meanwhile the stranger deftly drugged the glass of beer.

At that moment, however, a door in the partition was opened, giving a glimpse of a room with tables and chairs. In a corner of this room sat Uncle Wilhelm with the red faced man whom he had met on the pier.

Franz passed the door before it could close upon the spring that controlled its hinges and he seized Uncle Wilhelm by his two hands. Muller sat back in his chair and gaped at his nephew.

"Da," said he, "da!"

And it was nearly a minute before he could ask how the boy had come there.

"I was looking for the police station," said Franz, whereat Uncle Wilhelm stared harder and his mouth opened wider.

"So," said he, "so. What for?"

At this Franz narrated his adventures and his uncle seemed considerably relieved. Meanwhile the man who had guided Franz to this place entered the back room and stood by the door, glowering. Presently the red faced man got up and spoke to him. They seemed to know each other quite well, but they had a silent, surly manner and reminded Franz of two dogs that growl softly, but will not fight.

They spoke in English, and the boy, who had become somewhat accustomed to the sound of that language, caught a few words that meant very little to him. He made out, however, that the red faced man wanted the other to go away and that he refused some proposition, the nature of which was a complete mystery. One meaningless phrase from this conversation stuck in Franz's mind. It was, "No Peter in mine." The absurdity of it was attractive, like a riddle. It was the red faced man who spoke the words, and he shook his head decisively. If Franz had known that "Peter" is a mixture of deadly poisons used by thieves to support their intended victims he would have been even more deeply impressed by that sentence of jargon.

The red faced man returned to the table, and the other went away angry. At Uncle Wilhelm's invitation Franz ate a sandwich and drank a glass of beer, and then he leaned back in a corner and fell into a light sleep, but whenever either of the two men stirred he opened his eyes and always found Uncle Wilhelm looking at him.

By and by a bullet headed man with a stupid countenance joined the party and was introduced to Uncle Wilhelm by the name of Weber. It appeared presently that Mr. Weber was going to Germany on a steamer that sailed early on the following day. He did not look like a German and spoke the language very badly, so Franz was not surprised to hear that he had been born in America and had never been across the water. It appeared that he had made a little money in a gold mine and was going to Germany to claim a small inheritance.

He asked some stupid questions about Germany which amused Franz, and finally he spoke of money. He had just come from the west, and all his money was in American gold coin. Some one had told him that he ought to change it for German money.

"I want to have plenty with me," he said. "German money is in marks. How many do I get for $2,000?"

"Two thousand marks, of course," said the red faced man, gripping Uncle Wilhelm's leg under the shelter of the table. "A mark is a dollar."

"Of course," said Mr. Weber, as if his intelligence had been insulted, "but don't you have to pay something to get changing?"

"You go at the bank," said the red faced man, "but if you could find some German just over from the fatherland he would be glad to change your money and charge you nothing."

"I have 2,000 marks," said Uncle Wilhelm in a tone of suppressed eagerness. And hearing this, Franz sat up straight and opened his eyes wide.

He knew the relative value of American and German money and was well aware that a dollar is worth more than two marks, so that Mr. Weber would lose at least $1,000 by the proposed exchange.

"Say, uncle—" he began. But at this moment Mr. Weber saw some one whom he knew in the outer room and hurriedly went out, saying that he might come back directly.

Uncle Wilhelm turned toward Franz in a black rage.

"You keep still," he said. "This is none of your business. In this country they do these things. Everybody cheats everybody else. That is why they are so rich."

Franz was not in the least afraid, and certainly his view of this affair was not altered by his uncle's remark.

"I won't let you do this," said he stubbornly.

"The boy is right!" exclaimed the red faced man. "It wouldn't be honest. I was only joking, anyhow. I'll take Weber to the bank and see that he gets his money changed all right. You wait for me in my room." And he pointed toward the ceiling. "I'll get the key for you."

Franz was well satisfied to be alone with his uncle and have a straightforward talk. His mind was beginning to be very uneasy. He remembered that Uncle Wilhelm did not enjoy a very good reputation for honesty at home, though he himself had never believed any of the stories. In view of what had happened that morning—the mysterious disappearance of his uncle and the plot to rob Weber—his thousand marks might be safer in his own pocket than in Uncle Wilhelm's money belt, so when the red faced man came back with the key Franz followed his uncle readily.

They ascended two flights of dark stairs, and then Muller opened a door. Franz stepped into a small, unsavory room, and the next instant the door was locked behind him.

The boy was momentarily bewildered. Then he sprang to the door and shook and kicked it, but it was too strong for him. He heard a chuckling laugh and then the sound of Muller's steps on the creaking boards of the hall.

Franz tried the door again and then ran to the single small window. It opened on a little hole in the midst of the buildings. It was possible that an outcry might bring help, but the boy preferred to help himself if he could. He did some rapid thinking. Then he stepped to the side of the unclean bed that was in the room and dragged off the covers, which he proceeded to tear

THE TWO FELL IN A HEAP.

into strips. To these he recklessly intrusted his mortal part, and they did not fail him. He reached the bottom of the shaft safely, climbed into the basement of the hotel and eventually emerged upon the street.

One of the first objects which met his gaze as he came out into daylight was the broad back of Mr. Weber. That individual was walking rapidly away. Clearly the fraud had already been perpetrated upon him.

Franz overtook him at the corner of the street and laid a hand upon his arm.

"Come back with me!" he cried. "You have been cheated!"

Weber looked at him for a moment in blank surprise. Then he suddenly seized the boy by the back of the neck and threw him headlong against the swinging doors of a barroom. Franz landed flat on his face on the floor.

He bounced up like a rubber ball, and he was the "maddest" Teuton that ever came out of Germany. It seemed to him that he flew after Weber without the necessity of touching the sidewalk. He caught him around the neck from behind, and the two fell in a heap.

His vengeance was only beginning, however, when he was suddenly hulled to his feet by an enormous man dressed in blue and carrying a club.

"What's the matter?" demanded this formidable creature, and then repeated the question in German.

Franz hardly knew what to say. He could not shake himself free of all loyalty to his uncle and openly denounce him as a thief.

"I was trying to do this man a favor," said he. "There has been a mistake. He has changed American gold for German marks"—

Before he could speak another word the giant seized him and Weber, one in each hand, and whisked them through a door. It was done as rapidly as to take one's breath away, and they were in a small room at the

"Now, then," said the big man to Weber, with great earnestness, "what was it—gold plate? Is that with the words rubbed off?"

Weber nodded suddenly.

"Was it—money?" demanded the officer, looking at Franz with his dark eyes.

"Six marks," replied the boy.

"Well, you take it and give it back to him and say nothing. Understand? You'll get into trouble if you talk to much in this country. Tell that to your uncle. Tell him he'll go to jail if he talks. Now, I pity"—to Weber—"yield up."

Weber, with a groan, drew 2,000 marks in bills from his pocket and gave them to Franz.

"This is the best I can do for you, Dutchy," said the officer. "I won't make you any trouble. Now run along."

Weber lost no time in making his exit. Franz, under the policeman's guidance, returned to the thief's resort where Weber and his pal had perpetrated the confidence game upon Uncle Wilhelm.

But Franz did not find his uncle. He has not found him yet, though these events happened some years ago. Uncle Wilhelm skipped to South America, carrying with him his nephew's thousand marks and a bag containing a large number of American five cent pieces thinly coated with gold and without the word "cents" which usually appears under the V.

That is how Franz Muller doubled his money on his first experience of the ways of the new world.

Grewsome Punishment.

A grewsome form of punishment is still practiced in Afghanistan. A recent English expedition discovered at the top of the Lataband pass an iron cage suspended from a high pole fastened in the ground like a telegraph pole containing a shriveled human body. The mummy was that of a thief, who had been imprisoned and allowed to die of thirst and hunger in this iron cage.

Your Learning.

Wear your learning like your watch, in a private pocket, and do not pull it out and strike it merely to show that you have one. If you are asked what o'clock it is, tell it, but do not proclaim it hourly and unasked like the watchman.

A Queer Branch.

Uncle George—How do you like arithmetic? Little Dick—Pretty well so far, but the teacher says that next week we are to begin learning how to extract roots. Guess he must think we're all going to be dentists.

DECIDED AT POKER.

La Moure's Five Card Draw Won the Name of the County.

When the extreme western border of Dakota was colonized there was a lively squabble about what the new county should be called. There were four commissioners whose duty it was to decide on the name, and at the board meetings the vote for the name of the county was always two and two, and public feeling began to run high. John Winn suggested that the four commissioners should take 500 white chips apiece and play a game of poker to decide, the chips to represent $5 each. This was agreed to, and the game commenced with the entire population on hand. For two hours little gain was made, and then a jack pot came around, for which seventy-three hands were dealt before it was opened. Finally Commissioner Edwards opened it for $100. He held three kings. Judd La Moure held a zigzag, and the others dropped out. Edwards drew one card. La Moure dealt himself five cards, and the betting commenced. Men with revolvers kept the crowd from the table. After several raises there was $3,000 in the pool private money, besides the chips. Then the hand was called. Edwards held three kings, and La Moure had drawn a full, three fives and a pair of tens. He rose to his feet and cried, "Gentlemen, this is McKenzie county," and so it was and is called. The game lasted eighteen hours, and La Moure and Winn were carried shoulder high around the town, which saw no sleep that night. The cards held by La Moure are to be found among the archives of the county, labeled "La Moure's Five Card Draw."

THE BRITISH MUSEUM.

Its Reading Room and the Thousands of Books It Contains.

In the reading room of the British museum desks are crowded with students all day long, and in addition to the books of reference, some 20,000 in number, which fill the open shelves of the room, from three to four thousand volumes are given out every day. Theology in a wide sense, including the Bible, Biblical literature, church history and works on the religious rites and ceremonies of all races and creeds, is easily at the head of the list, with about 300 volumes. Topography comes next, with about twenty fewer, and of these books on London amount to a quarter, books on English topography to another quarter, the other half being for the rest of the world. History and biography come next. English history being mostly in demand, and books on France and the French provinces second. Essays, criticism and miscellaneous literature take the fourth place and are followed by fiction—not less than five years old—moral philosophy, poetry and the fine arts, the drama, law and philology, political economy and so on down to politics, mathematics and chemistry, which have about forty volumes apiece, and, lastly, works on naval and military subjects, which seldom have more than three or four volumes each. It is a curious list and throws a useful light on the sort of studies taken up by the readers in the museum.—London Globe.

THE DOG'S EYE.

Watch That, Not the Mouth, For Symptoms of Hydrophobia.

As dogs do not perspire, the only relief they seem to get when overheated is from inhaling cool air through their wide open mouths in short, puffy breaths. The friction between tongue and lips caused by their rapid, laborious breathing produces saliva, which is sometimes ignorantly diagnosed as foam, one of the symptoms of hydrophobia. Many innocent victims have lost their lives on account of such stupidity.

If your dog should feel ill, sick with some ordinary ailment, he will wag welcome to you with a sad, pitiful expression, looking up inquiringly as if asking for help and relief. If it has come to the worst and he feels by instinct the germs of the dreaded disease in his frame, his action will be entirely different. You will find him with low bent head, withholding his usual glad welcome, hardly noticing or glancing at you.

If your eyo meet his, the restless, nervous, strange expression will startle you. The dog, feeling his doom, is conscious of approaching danger and would like to prepare and warn you. These unmistakable and easily recognized signs should be watched closely and always heeded. Corner the dog at once and, with the help of a broom or barn fork, keep him at a safe distance until locked up.—Country Calendar.

THE SCOTS GRAYS.

Regiment of Dragoons Famous Since the Time of Charles II.

"Second to none" is the proud motto of the gallant and famous regiment, the Second Dragoon guards, or Royal Scots Grays. It is a happily chosen motto, for the fame of the regiment is world wide. Its brilliant achievements on the field of battle during two centuries, its striking and historic name, its grand and imposing uniform have made the Royal Scots Greys, as an individual corps, there is no gainsaying, the most widely known and familiar of all the regiments of the British army.

Since the regiment was raised, in the reign of the second Charles, the dragoons have borne themselves well in many a famous field, but want of space forbids us to note the exploits until "earth shaking" Waterloo came on the glory roll of the gallant grays. Here, with the English "Royals" and Irish "Inniskillings," they formed the famous union brigade which made the never to be forgotten picture of the "Fight For the Standard." That widely known picture shows a man of the grays, Sergeant Ewart, capturing the eagle of a very famous French corps, the Forty-fifth of the line.—Scottish American.

Age does not make us childish, as some say; it finds us true children.—Goethe.

HERCULANEUM.

Its Destruction Came From a Deluge of Lava Water.

Herculaneum, in Italy, is one of those ancient cities which have not only been buried, but actually forgotten, for ages. The town, supposed to be of Etruscan origin, lies on the Campanian plain at the foot of, its destroyer, Vesuvius, almost midway between Naples and Pompeii.

What caused the catastrophe of the year 79 A. D.? Geologists have come to the help of the archaeologists, and it is now held that the destruction of Herculaneum was somewhat different from that of Pompeii, although Pompeii was also covered and buried and the general effects were the same in both instances. In the case of Pompeii the city was overwhelmed by the shower of small stones from the volcano and the subsequent ruin of ashes, but Herculaneum seems to have been deluged with "water lava," and far fewer people were able to make their escape from the city than from Pompeii.

It is the theory that the steam from the crater turned into rain, and, mixing with the volcanic dust, formed a huge volume of muddy torrent. This gathered other soil as it poured over the land, raised the level of the country more than sixty-five feet and finally left a mass of compacted tufa. This torrent ran on to the sea, making its own channel and forming a kind of lagoon around the previously safe harbor which entirely prevented any ships from approaching the place thereafter.—Chicago News.

NAMING A VESSEL.

Why President Arthur Would Not Call It the Concord.

While General Arthur was president and during one of the summers of his administration he was on board the Dispatch at Newport, and Secretary of the Navy Chandler was pestering him to consent to naming the new dispatch boat, afterward the Dolphin, the Concord, after the first battle of the Revolution. General Arthur was disposed to quiz Chandler about his proposed name. He preferred the name Dolphin as being more suggestive of speed at sea. When Chandler argued the importance of keeping in mind the heroic resistance of the colonial militia and the brilliant opposition offered to Britain's men General Arthur asked him:

"What is it that you propose to call this ship?"

"The Concord," answered Chandler, giving the approved New Hampshire pronunciation.

"There," retorted Arthur, inviting the attention of Captain Reeder, "Do you hear that? Conquered. Do you think that a good name to give a ship-of-war? Then, suppose you change the pronunciation and call it Concord, just as spelled. Does it not strike you, Chandler, that there is a degree of Concord in the presence of a vessel of war?"

The new ship was called the Dolphin, but the Concord appeared after General Arthur had ceased to have influence in naming the ships of the navy.

AKBAR'S EXPERIMENT.

Result of His Whimsical Search For a Natural Language.

Akbar, one of the first of the great mogals who ruled India, has been named the Asiatic Charlemagne. He was a statesman and an educator and built a palace for the reception of men who loved learning and sought after wisdom. The great mogul's passion for knowledge is said to have been shown by a whimsical experiment he once made to determine if it was true, as he had heard, that Hebrew was the natural language of all who had never been taught any other tongue.

To test this assertion Akbar caused a dozen nursing children to be shut up in a castle six leagues from Agra, his capital city. Each child was reared by a dumb nurse. The porter also was a mute, and he was forbidden, upon pain of death, to open the gates of the castle. When the children were twelve years of age Akbar ordered them to be brought before him.

Men learned in Sanskrit, in Arabic, in Persian and in Hebrew were assembled at the royal palace to tell what language the children spoke. Akbar, seated on his throne and surrounded by these linguists, ordered the children to be brought in. Each child was addressed, and, to the surprise of the assembly, every one answered by a sign. Not a child could speak a word. They had all learned from their nurses to express themselves by gestures.

A DESIRE TO PLEASE.

It Is Always Appreciated, and Is Business It Pays.

There is nothing people appreciate more than being served by those who really enjoy accommodating them. What a comfort, at a strange hotel especially, to be served by those who seem anxious to please us, who seem to take real pleasure in making us feel at home and comfortable! There is no one quality which will help youth along more rapidly than the cultivation of this desire to please, to accommodate. It appeals to everybody; it creates a good impression.

What a pleasure and a comfort when traveling to be served by pleasant, good natured people who try to please us! A surly, impudent Pullman porter often destroys the pleasure of a whole journey on a train. An impudent clerk in a hotel office can make everybody in the house uncomfortable, and such service is dear, even if it could be had for nothing.

It is noticeable that a boy who always tries to help wherever he can and to make everybody comfortable, who is accommodating in everything, is very popular and, other things being equal, most likely to be promoted.—Success.

"Riddleule," says a German critic, "is like a blow with the fist, wit like the prick of a needle, irony like the sting of a thorn and humor the plaster which heals all those wounds."

DR. KENNEDY'S FAVORITE REMEDY

Pleasant to Take, Powerful to Cure, And Welcome In Every Home.

KIDNEY AND LIVER CURE

Dr. David Kennedy's Favorite Remedy is adapted to all ages and both sexes, affording permanent relief in all cases caused by impurity of the blood, such as Kidney, Bladder and Liver Complaints; cures Constipation and Weaknesses peculiar to women.

It proves successful in cases where all other medicines have totally failed. No sufferer should despair as long as this remedy is untried. It has an unbroken record of success for over 30 years, and has won hosts of warm friends.

Are you suffering from any disease traceable to the causes mentioned? If so, Dr. Kennedy has staked his personal and professional reputation on the statement that Favorite Remedy will do you good.

Send for a free trial bottle and booklet containing valuable medical advice on the treatment of various diseases. Write also for his "Easy Test" for finding out if you have kidney disease. Address Dr. David Kennedy's Sons, Roudout, N. Y.

REMEMBER, the full name is Dr. David Kennedy's FAVORITE REMEDY, made at Roudout, N. Y., and the price is $1.00 (six bottles $5.00) at all druggists in the United States, Canada and foreign countries.

Spring and Summer Styles

in Millinery are pretty and the best at reasonable prices are to be found at our store.

PATTERN HATS and DOMESTICS

In fact everything to please the ladies is shown. Give us a call.

Carrie Reilly Clark & Co.
REILLY BLOCK, SMETHPORT.

Rooney's is the Place

to buy a nice sweet piece of

Fresh, Salt or Smoked

MEAT

whether it be a full quarter or a small steak. And for

Fruit and Vegetables

I am always head quarters.

J. F. ROONEY. Smethport, Pa.

UNDERTAKING

AND

EMBALMING

IN ALL BRANCHES PROMPTLY ATTENDED TO BY AN EXPERIENCED FUNERAL DIRECTOR

SPECHT & SASSE
SMETHPORT, PA.

E. W. JONES,

(Successor to F. H. Nourse.

LIVERY & FEED STABLE
Bennett House Barn

First Class Rigs at Reasonable Prices.

Directly Opposite Court House
SMETHPORT, PA.

ACME MILL,

GREEN BROS., Props.

MY STOCK IS FRESH AND CONSISTS OF

Flour, Feed, Meal, Wheat, Corn Oats, Hay, Straw, Bran, Middlings, Hominy, Linseed Meal, Etc.

Goods Sold for Cash only and Delivered Promptly.

Water & Hill Sts. Smethport.

A. T. Palmer

LIVERY, FEED & SALE STABLES.

FOR SALE,

Horses, Carriages, Wagons, Harness, Etc. Cutters and Robes.

Smethport - Penn.

March 5, 1903.

Absolutely Harmless. Cures on the Spot.

BROMO-PEPSIN

"NOTE THE WORD PEPSIN."

CURES Headache, Sleeplessness, Indigestion and Nervousness.

All Druggists, 10c, 25c and 50c.

Armstrong's Reliable Jewelry Store

Is, as ever, headquarter for everything in the line of

Standard Jewelry.

If you wish to be ON TIME buy your

Watch or Clock

at this reliable establishment. Prices are right.

Stock is Complete.

Goods are the Best, therefore your patronage is solicited.

M. L. ARMSTRONG,

Main Street, Smethport, Pa

HORSESHOEING.

Having opened a general blacksmith shop in what is known as the Mullin Building, at the corner of Water and Franklin Streets, I am now prepared to attend to the business in my line in a careful and workmanlike manner.

C. J. VANBLAD.

A rich man died the other day. He died in the very midsummer of life, and he left his family $1,000,000. The doctor's certificate showed that death resulted from typhoid fever. The doctor himself said to a friend: "That man was a suicide. He had a splendid constitution. I could have pulled him through if his stomach had been sound. But he ruined his stomach by hasty meals, snatched in intervals of business, and by neglect of symptoms which have been warning him a year past that his stomach was failing in its duties."

The symptoms of a disordered stomach are among others, variable appetite, sour risings, heartburn, undue fullness after eating, dull headache, dingy complexion, discolored eye, fluctuations in physical strength, nervousness, sleeplessness, despondency. No person will have all these symptoms at once.

The restoration of the stomach to sound health, begins with the first dose of Dr. Pierce's Golden Medical Discovery. The cure progresses until the functions of the stomach are in healthy operation. Then the nerves are quiet and strong, the appetite healthful, the sleep restful, the eye bright, the complexion clear.

"Please accept my thanks for the benefit which my little received from your medicine," writes Mrs. W. A. Morgan, of Silsbee, Jasper Co., Texas. "She had been troubled for nearly a year with fever, coughing, indigestion and constipation. I gave her your 'Golden Medical Discovery' and 'Pleasant Pellets,' and they did her great good. I gave her the 'Discovery' about eight months, and several vials of the 'Pellets.' She seems to be perfectly well now."

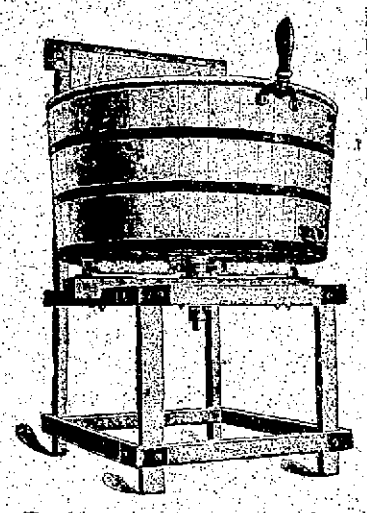
If you want a cure accept no substitute for "Golden Medical Discovery."

Those ORIGINAL Little Liver Pills, first put up by old Dr. R. V. Pierce over 40 years ago, have been much imitated but never equaled. They're made of purely vegetable concentrated and refined medicinal principles, extracted from native American roots and plants. They speedily relieve and cure foul, torpid and deranged Stomachs, Livers and Bowels and their attendant distressful ailments. One or two, a laxative; three or four a cathartic.

THE BIG STORE.

Acme Washing Machine

Does More Work—Better Work—With Less Work Than Any Washing Machine on the Market.



Runs on Ball Bearings Without Effort—No Noise.

Simplicity Itself. Absolutely Nothing to Get Out of Order.

Will Wash Fine [illegible] Without Tearing or Breaking a Thread the Heaviest Articles With Perfect Ease.

Wringer is Always in Place. It is Not Necessary to Detach.

Call and examine.

JOHN C. HAMLIN

McKean County Miner

Smethport, Thursday, Sept. 7, 1905.

LOCAL AND GENERAL.

—Strong, the plumber, has a new ad to-day.

—Holmes & Gilfillan tell about stoves in their space this week.

—Green is the prevailing color in hats this fall. Rubin's ad. will tell you about it.

—Floyd Kroh, who has been twirling with the Coudersport baseball team this season, is having a try-out on the Albany New York State league team.

—John A. Lohr, an aged farmer living near White Hall, Berks county, is cutting his third set of teeth. Five new front teeth are through the gums, and the molars and grinders are beginning to make their appearance.

—Editor W. D. Fish of the Cross Fork News is ill at the home of his parents in Whitesville, N. Y. Mr. Fish at one time was an employe of the Redfield Printery in this place and has many friends who will hope for his speedy recovery.

—On Sunday, Sept. 17th, the Pittsburg, Shawmut & Northern Railroad Company will run a special excursion from Wayland, Hornellsville and intermediate points to St. Marys. Rate of fare for the round trip is 75c. Train leaves Smethport at 11:07 a. m.

—An exchange says: Some business men are unalterably opposed to any form of advertising; others can't see the necessity of it, but in the long run, they generally are compelled to submit, and as a rule the rates are always higher when the sheriff contracts for the space.

—The band picnic at Eldred last Thursday was a great success, there being over 700 people on the grounds. The day was passed with athletic sports, music, ball games, etc., and perhaps the most enjoyable feature of the day was the baseball game between the married and single ladies, the score resulting 14 to 13 in favor of the single ladies.

—A report goes out from the bicycle manufacturers of the country that the production of new wheels this year is more than double the output of last year, with a steady increasing demand from all parts of the country. This news will be a surprise to those who for a long time have been under the impression that the bicycle was doomed to pass out of existence.

Real Elixir of Life.

Contentment is the real elixir of life. It is the real fountain from which flow the waters of perennial youth. Sometimes it costs an effort, a tremendous effort, to say it is all right, but the man or woman who can say it is much better off for thus looking at the sunny side of the world than the person who harbors a grievance against all mankind and walks through the world burdened with the somber thoughts of his disappointments. The discontented perhaps never stop to think how much worse off they could be; that, no matter how few their pleasures, there are those in the world who have fewer or none at all; that, given health and strength and the full possession of the senses, they are advantaged and blessed in the face of existence.

The Tempering of Copper.

The expression "the tempering of copper" arises from a thirteenth century misunderstanding of the Greek word baphe, a word used by the Greco-Egyptian alchemistic writers of the third century. Berthelot, the eminent authority on alchemy, has shown that this word may mean tempering, coloring (of cloth, glass and metals), the coloring materials or the coloring bath. Egyptian alchemy was busied originally in producing brilliant bronzes on copper and the copper alloys, and this expression "the tempering of copper" means, and always has meant, bronzing copper so that it may simulate silver or gold.—Arthur Jones Hopkins in New York Times.

Honey in the East.

In ancient Egypt honey was employed as an embalming material, and in the east to this day it is largely used for the preservation of fruit and the making of cakes, sweetmeats and other articles of food. In India a host will offer to his guest a dish composed of honey and milk or of equal parts of curds, honey and clarified butter. It is given to a bridegroom on his arrival at the door of the bride's father. In the east, also, when grafts, seeds and birds' eggs are to be transported a great distance they are often packed in honey.

Another Victim.

"Poor Mrs. Boozer suffers terribly from the liquor habit," said Mrs. Gabb.

"How is that?" inquired Mrs. Chinn, scenting a story.

"When her husband comes home at night is he is too far gone to pay attention to her remonstrances and the next morning he has such a headache he can't listen to her."—Portland Telegram.

Nothing is less in our power than the heart, and, far from commanding, we are forced to obey it.—Rousseau.

Antarctic Penguins.

Some of the penguins in the antarctic regions weigh as much as eighty pounds and are about four feet high, with a splendid orange patch on the neck. The young take three years to develop fully, and even then the plumage is distinctly less brilliant than in the older birds. Both the movements and migration of the penguins are remarkable. When first followed the bird prefers to walk, but when in danger of being caught it drops on to its abdomen and with the help of the wings glissades at a pace too great to be overtaken by a man walking. They seem aware of the movements of the great ice fields and use them to help their migration to the pack ice in the north. They take trouble to collect stones, which they delight to steal from one another's piles, for nests.

Many of the ways of the penguins are suggestive of prescyncl instincts. Their attitude when sleeping is modelled on that of birds with fully developed wings. But the penguin has to be content with resting the shelter of his wing with no more than the tip of his beak.

The Raven.

Many birds seek the protection which the presence of man affords against furpet and feathered foes when the breeding season approaches. Not so the raven. His distrust of us is profound, and his nest is placed in some wild spot far out of reach of our possible attack or slaughter. But there are other enemies. I know of a pair that built on one side of a projecting crag high up on the cliffs of Ballinskelligs Island. Some large peregrine falcons occupied the other side of the crag, and when one day their eggs were taken by an adventurous collector they, sharing the popular opinion of a raven's blackness, concluded that their neighbors were the offenders and wreaked their grief and vengeance upon them. When, on their return from a foraging expedition, the falcons found their nest despoiled, they were seen to hold a consultation, and after much deliberation they suddenly arose and, both with one accord flew at the ravens' nest and sacked it, tearing it in their rage and indignation until not one stick was left upon another.—London Standard.

Stop Smoking to Enjoy It Better.

An excellent plan for smokers is to abstain from time to time, that is, to quit from all tobacco, say, for weeks or a month at a time. This method enables the smoker to enjoy his smoke more when he goes back to it and is less harmful to his health.

"It is a fine scheme," said one man. "When I stop for a month I am equipped with the keenest relish and liking for a good cigar at the end of that month. I am rested, refreshed, recuperated—in pocket too. That is to show that I am master of my habit, and not mastered by it. I have been doing this way for a long time now, and I heartily recommend my plan to all smokers. I do not limit myself to any number of cigars while in the off or smoking months, but simply smoke at will and then absolutely quit until another month is through."—Baltimore American.

Laughter and Health.

A physician in search of remedies for human ills thinks that laughter stands very high in the list of prophylactics. The effect of mere cheerfulness as a health promoter is well known, but an occasional outburst of downright laughter is the heroic remedy. It is a matter of everyday experience, says the authority in question, that one feels the better for a good laugh, an explosion of laughter being in truth a "nerve storm," comparable in its effect to a thunderstorm in nature, doing good by dissipating those oppressive clouds of care which sometimes darken the mental horizon." This authority assures us that the memorable adage, "Laugh and grow fat," rests on a sound philosophical basis. Portly people are not given to laughter because they are fat. They are fat because they laugh.

Burglars and Chloroform.

Doctors agree that the public is wrong in the popular conception that burglars sometimes chloroform the inmates of a house before committing a robbery. The usual story is that the anaesthetic was squirted into the sleeping room through keyholes. A Kansas City surgeon who has had occasion to administer chloroform or ether 500 times says that chloroform administered in this manner would put a quietus on the burglar as well as the inmates of a house. Physicians have tried many times to administer chloroform to sleeping persons and have met with very poor results. The first effect of an anaesthetic is not to lull to insensibility, but to arouse all the mental and physical vigor of the person to which it is given.—Kansas City Journal.

R[illegible] Wheels.

[illegible] that the wheels [illegible] for this is that in making [illegible] of rail is [illegible] [illegible] [illegible]

McKean County Miner

PUBLISHED EVERY THURSDAY.

TERMS:—$1.25 per year, or if paid strictly in advance, $1.00 per year.

ADVERTISING RATES.

Display advertisements published at the rate of $100 per column per annum, payable monthly. Our own position and no deviation from this rule. Extra charge for single insertion.

Reading notices, five cents per line for each insertion.

Legal advertisements, five cents per line for each insertion.

Cards, not exceeding one inch, $5.00 per annum.

Birth, marriage and death notices inserted free.

Executors' and administrators' notices, $3.00 each.

Address all communications to

HARRY L. BACKUS,
Editor and Prop'r.

Smethport, Thursday, Aug. 31, 1905.

Republican Ticket

STATE.

For State Treasurer,
J. LEE PLUMMER,
of Hollidaysburg.

For Superior Court Judges,
CHARLES E. RICE,
of Wilkesbarre.
GEORGE B. ORLADY,
of Huntingdon.
JAMES A. BEAVER,
of Bellefonte.

COUNTY.

FOR SHERIFF,
GEORGE W. MITCHELL.

FOR PROTHONOTARY,
SAMUEL E. BELL.

FOR RECORDER,
H. M. CHOATE.

FOR REGISTER,
J. B. EASTMAN.

FOR DISTRICT ATTORNEY,
GUY E. MAYO.

FOR CLERK OF COURTS,
W. H. MORRISON.

FOR COUNTY COMMISSIONERS,
GEORGE GRIFFITHS,
J. A. PETERSON.

FOR COUNTY AUDITORS,
OSCAR ENGSTROM,
C. W. FREEMAN.

Two hails were lost on Lake Michigan during the severe storm last Sunday and 30 lives were lost.

At New Orleans the yellow fever situation is improving but at Vicksburg, Miss., the situation is the worst it has been.

It is reported that President Roosevelt has demanded the resignation of Public Printer F. W. Palmer which is to take effect on the 15th inst.

"President Roosevelt alone deserves credit for bringing about peace. He was the only man in the world who could have done it. He did his part splendidly," says Emperor William.

A meeting of the McKean County Republican Committee will be held in the parlors of the St. James Hotel, Bradford, at 2 p. m. on Friday, Sept. 8. All members and Republican workers are urged to attend.

The treaty of peace between Russia and Japan was signed by the representatives of the two empires at Portsmouth at 3:47 p. m. Tuesday. On the instant of the consummation of the great historical fact a salute was fired at the United States navy yard on Kittery Point.

When Canada shall become as thickly populated as is the United Kingdom today, her population will be 1,288,477,156. When the United States becomes relatively settled our population will be 1,241,130,196. Add to this the probable population in that day of the Latin American States, to say nothing of our faraway dependencies, and the mind staggers at the thought of tabulating in dollars what the commerce of that age will be. Yet there rests upon us to-day the responsibility for planning government and adjusting affairs of commerce to fit the conditions which will exist when America's population will be expressed in billions and her wealth in figures for which twentieth century statisticians have no use.—Cent Per Cent for September.

An experiment in fitting young men for employment in the business of the corporation is to be tried by the Pennsylvania Railroad Co. which proposes to take into its employ such graduates of the Altoona High School as have a desire to learn the business of railroading through practical application to the work. Each branch of railroading will be taught in the course of instruction, and the diligent students of transportation management will have opportunities to become associated with the business through desirable employment. The board of education of the school selected for the first experiment will co-operate in the experiment by the introduction of such practical industrial courses in the school curriculum as will tend to fit the youth for positions contemplated. If this experiment proves successful it is assumed that schools in other parts of the country will arrange the courses of study so as to give more attention to industrial branches and devote less time to studies which are of slight application to practical life.—Ex.

Washington Letter.

(From Our Regular Correspondent.)

WASHINGTON D. C., Sept. 2, 1905.

The enthusiasm felt in Washington over President Roosevelt's large part in bringing the Russian and Japanese envoys together is to be displayed in a popular welcome to the President when he returns to the city. Washington is on particularly good terms with President Roosevelt. He has been a resident of the city so long aside from his term in the White House and many of the leading citizens know him personally, so that the man in the street feels that he is better acquainted with him than with any president for many administrations past. The return welcome that is being planned probably will not include a parade or set speeches but will consist in greeting the President at the depot as was done two years ago and escorting him to the White House. It will be a personal tribute to his work for peace and will be the informal sort of greeting that the President much prefers to more set and stilted affairs.

Of course the plaudits of the world that have been showered on the President have awakened talk as to whether the enthusiasm was likely to carry him off his feet and make him willing to accept a nomination for a third term. Now with the majority of the machine politicians of Congress President Roosevelt is not politically popular. He is too straightforward and honest in a rugged sort of a way, and the third term talk has already set tongues wagging and created a storm of opposition in quarters that fear if the President were renominated he would carry all before him. In this connection it will only be necessary to point to President Roosevelt's statement last election night when he said that under no circumstances would he consent to another nomination. He said at that time that it was a wise provision that unwritten law restricted the President to two terms, and that while he had been only once elected, he had been President at that time for three and a half years and he proposed to regret the substance and not the form of the precedent that had been honored from the time of Washington. That was a flat statement that is not liable to be misconstrued and those closest to the President say that nothing will annoy him more than any starting of third term talk on the strength of general approbation that has been accorded him in connection with his recent efforts at Portsmouth.

It is quite probable however that the President may have something to say a little later as to the part he personally played in the peace negotiations. Up to the present, his part in the negotiations has been well and properly guarded. Alone and unadvised the President took a step never before attempted by any chief magistrate and threw himself between the hostile envoys till their instructions could be changed by the two sovereigns to whom he appealed. The text or substance of those notes to St. Petersburg and Tokio has never been divulged and it probably will be well to keep them secret till after the treaty of peace has been signed. But then there will be a great deal of pardonable curiosity to know just what steps the President took that caused such a complete and sudden change in the attitude of Japan. But that he bore an important personal part is shown if by nothing else in the telegrams of congratulations that reached him from King Edward, the Kaiser, the Czar himself and other continental monarchs who ascribed the conclusion of peace as a direct tribute to his intervention. Great pressure has been brought to bear on the President to divulge the text of his notes to the two rulers, and it is possible in the near future that he may either in a public address or in an official statement say something that will throw light on this interesting chapter in modern diplomacy.

A very important step was taken today in the convening in Washington of the special board of consulting engineers who will settle the question of whether the Panama canal shall be a lock canal or built at sea level. The board will consist of Gen. W. Davis, Alfred Noble, William Barclay Parsons, William H. Burr, Henry L. Abbot, Frederick Sterns, Joseph Ripley and Isham Randolph, all American engineers, Henry Hunter, nominated by the British government, Herr Eugene Tinkhauser, nominated by Germany; M. Guerard, nominated by France; M. Guillemc, consulting engineer of the Suez canal and J. W. Welcker, nominated by the government of the Netherlands. The board did not do much at its first meeting but it expects to get its report ready for transmission to Congress in December. It is possible that the engineers may visit the scene of the work before their report is rendered, but a number of them have been there already and as they have at their disposal the maps and surveys of all the previous commissions, it may not be necessary for them to leave Washington. It is thought likely that the President will send a very urgent proposal to Congress, making some definite proposal as to the work and defining the sort of canal that should be built instead of leaving the question open any longer. It is now understood that the chief objections to a sea level canal will be that it will cost more and take longer to build. The lock canal can be built in from six to eight years while the sea level one would take from ten to twelve years. The question of money does not so much stand in the way as the time and it is said also that if the traffic of the canal increases to warrant it in the next fifty years that the canal can gradually be changed from lock to sea level without greatly incommoding traffic.

For Sale.

The Smethport Steam Laundry is for sale. Good reasons for selling. Enquire of T. H. Purtle, Smethport, Pa.

Subscribe for the MINER.

An Artist's Mistake.

Danton, the celebrated caricaturist, had a wonderful power of modeling from memory. After one long look at his subject he could go to his studio and make a bust quite perfect in its resemblance.

One day a young man came to him, saying that his sister was ill and about to die and that, although the family wished her bust modeled, they dared not excite her by mentioning it. Would he undertake to reproduce her features after seeing her once? Danton agreed, and next day the brother informed his sister that he intended to present her with some jewels and that a young man would bring some specimens for her approval.

Danton brought in the jewels and, going home, modeled a bust of striking resemblance. Next year an old gentleman, the father of the young woman, came to order a bust of the brother, who also had died. This, too, was a marvelous success.

The result of such planning, however, was not always as satisfactory to his patrons as in these cases. A gentleman who could not persuade his wife to sit asked Danton to enter a certain omnibus one day and fix in his memory the features of the lady opposite him.

He did so, modeled a beautiful bust and sent it home. It proved, however, to be not the mistress, but the maid, who had also taken the trip in the omnibus.

Advertised Letters.

List of letters remaining in the post office at Smethport for the week ending Sept. 2, 1905.

J. H. Aul, Mrs. Leona Councilman, Miss Gertrude Daley, Miss Lizzie Freedley, Miss Minnie Hill.

Persons calling for these letters please say "advertised." All unclaimed letters are sent to the Dead Letter Office two weeks from date of advertising.

J. C. GALLUP,
Postmaster.

Notice to Advertisers.

All advertisers should remember that changes of advertisements must reach this office not later than 1 p. m. on Tuesday in order to appear in the following issue of the MINER. We must strictly enforce this rule so it would be well to paste this where the "ad man" can see it.

Shrine Watch Charm Lost.

The Crescent and Star to a Mystic Shrine watch charm, initials "H. L. B." engraved on back, was lost last evening either in Bradford or the train returning to Smethport. Finder will be liberally rewarded by returning to the MINER office.

Westbrook Academy,
Olean, - N. Y.

Twenty-fourth year will begin September 5. Business, Shorthand, Typewriting and English courses.

Catalogue and photo of '04-05 class (100 students) mailed free. Address above.

Notice of Intended Application for the Transfer of Hotel License.

Notice is hereby given that application will be made to the Judge of the Court of Quarter Sessions of McKean County, at Chambers, at Smethport, Pa., on Saturday, September 9, 1905, at 10 o'clock a. m., for the transfer of a hotel license, dated May 15, 1905, and granted May 8, 1905, to M. A. Quinn to keep the "Davis House" at the Village of Mount Alton, Lafayette Township, in said county, to W. H. McQueeney and John J. McQueeney, whose place of residence is Mount Alton aforesaid, the occupation of W. H. McQueeney being an oil well pumper and that of John J. McQueeney being a bar-tender. JOHN N. APPEL,
Atty. for W. H. and John J. McQueeney.
Smethport, Pa., August 30, 1905.

H. C. WELLS
THE LEADING PHARMACIST
SMETHPORT, - PA.

O, pickling, pickling time is here,
The busiest time of all the year,
We'll furnish before old memories fade,
For pickles like your grandmother made;
Vinegar, sugar and spice,
Onions and peppers; very nice.

Heinz Distilled Pickling Vinegar	35c gal.
Heinz Best Cider Vinegar	25c gal.
Mixed Pickling Spices	5c pkg.

Allspice, Cinnamon, Cloves, Mustard and Pepper, Celery, Mustard Seed, Tumeric.

FRUIT JARS.

Wier Pottery Co.'s Pat. Stone Jars, Royal, Doolittle and Mason Glass Jars. Jar Rings, Caps and Tips for Mason Jars. COME AND SEE US.

A. E. FOSTER & CO

J. ODESSER

—DEALER IN—

TINWARE, GLASSWARE, NOTIONS, SCHOOL SUPPLIES.

SPECIAL BARGAINS in BROOMS, LAUNDRY SOAP, MATCHES.

CLOTHES PINS, 1c per doz.

Highest prices paid for Rags, Rubbers, Old Iron, Old Rope and Old Metal. Also best market prices for Hides and Furs of all kinds.

East Smethport Penn'a

Perhaps you were Right

in waiting for a bargain before buying a suit. You will get one now if you hurry and avail yourself of our final offer of half and LESS THAN HALF PRICE for a suit that's up-to-date in EVERY RESPECT.

$10 & $12 Flannel Suits now $5.
$8 & $10 Scotch Wool Suits now $6.
$12.50 & $13.50 Fine Worsted Suits now $7.50.

Children's and Boys' Suits at 50c on the dollars. Most suits are heavy enough for fall wear.

WM. MONHEIMER.
SMETHPORT.

THE DR. GREENE TREATMENT FOR NERVOUS AND CHRONIC DISEASES

Bears the stamp of absolute and genuine worth conceived and founded in the true system of cure. It is as imperishable as truth itself, as accurate in curative results as a fixed science, a WONDROUS BLESSING TO THE SICK AND ALSO. It has endured the test of times and been tried in the crucible of experience. Generation after generation of Dr. Greenes have restored health to the suffering by these marvelous medicines, adapting, organizing and perfecting the treatment through long years of enormous practical experience among the sick, by grandfather, father and son, until today the third generation of Greenes is giving to the world in even more successful practice, a surer and more positive means of cure than has ever heretofore been placed before the depressed, weakened and discouraged victim of chronic complaints.

Drs. F. A & J. A. Greene

are the proprietors of that most marvelous of all remedies for the Nerves and Blood,

DR. GREENE'S NERVURA

All are privileged to consult Dr. Greene personally or by mail, entirely free. Dr. Greene himself attends to all who call and answers all letters in person.

Office, 101 Fifth Avenue, N. Y.

CENTRAL STATE NORMAL SCHOOL.

LOCK HAVEN, PA.

J. R. FLICKINGER, Principal.

Fall term of 15 weeks begins September 11th. The facilities at this important school for doing first-class work, professional and academic, were never better than now. Its graduates are required to do a full year's teaching in the training school. Its faculty has the best American and European training. Buildings modern. College Preparatory department. Location unexcelled. Fine Gymnasium. Expense moderate. Free tuition to prospective teachers. Address for illustrated catalogue, the Principal.

PISO'S CURE FOR
25 CTS. CURES WHERE ALL ELSE FAILS 25 CTS.
Best Cough Syrup. Tastes Good. Use in time. Sold by druggists.
CONSUMPTION

NEW FALL HATS

Green is very nifty and I have them in three shades. Everything new in headgear at

$1.00 1.50 3.00

H. W. RUBIN, SMETHPORT, PENNA.

The Old Reliable Clothier, Furnisher and Merchant Tailor.

GO TO STORE OF

D. C. YOUNG

AND BUY YOUR

DRESS GOODS, SHIRT WAIST PATTERNS,

—AND SO FORTH—NICE LINE TO SELECT FROM.

ALL AT REDUCED PRICES.

Do not forget to look at bargain Counter while there.

When you have bought your goods select a pattern to cut them after. You will find here a complete line of the Ladies' Home Journal patterns. All the newest designs for cutting everything needed to wear. Chart Model furnished free with each pattern.

D. C. YOUNG
SMETHPORT, PA.

June 27, 1905.

FALL AND WINTER STYLES
IN
Suits, Overcoats, Trousers, &c

are now on hand. If you intend having anything done in the tailoring line now is the time to place your order before the rush is on. A trial will convince you that I am here to please you.

G. W. SHILLENN
THE LEADING TAILOR.

By reason of fresh arrivals our stock of

TOILET SOAPS and PERFUMES

were never so complete.

It seems as if we could please even the most particular customes.

INVESTIGATE.

McCoy's Drug Store

STOP! READ! and REFLE
And then go to
BROWNELL BROTHER

Where you will find a carefully and well selected stock of

DRY GOODS, NOTIONS,
FURNISHING GOODS,
HATS, CAPS. BOOTS and SHOES

AND A CHOICE LINE OF THE

FINEST GROCERIES

TO BE FOUND IN TOWN AT

ROCK-BOTTOM PRICES

The Lindholm Co.

OUR FIRST SHIPMENT OF THE

"Dutchess" Dress Skirts

Nearly one hundred of the celebrated Dutchess Perfect Fitting Skirts in the popular weaves and colorings for Fall.

Among them you will find many of the "New Grays" so much wanted and hard to find just now.

PRICES RANGE FROM $5 to $15 EACH

Every "Dutchess" Skirt is guaranteed to FIT and NOT SAG or lose its shape from wear.

Specials for the week

SCHOOL HOSE - 8c a pair

Ask to see them.

The Lindholm Co.

Are You Going to Remodel?

If so, you will do it with the intention of improving upon present conditions. Our part is to interest you in our ability to improve and perfect your sanitary equipment.

Many families pay out yearly for doctor bills, due to sickness caused by the deadly sewer gases which enter the home on account of poor and defective plumbing, more than the difference between the cost of the cheapest and the best work.

You cannot have too many safeguards for the health and happiness of yourself and family. Of these safeguards, the sanitary equipment of your home is unquestionably the most important and can be securely trusted to us.

We do but one kind of work—the best—and use the famous "Standard" Porcelain Enameled Ware, every piece of which is guaranteed by the manufacturers to be strictly first quality. Let's talk it over.

REDFIELD'S HARDWARE.

McKean County Miner

Entered at the postoffice at Smethport, as second-class mail matter.

Smethport, Thursday, Aug. 31 1905.

LOCAL AND GENERAL.

—The store of D. C. Young is being repainted.

—Bradford is to have a football team this season.

—Attend the ball games at Kane Field Saturday afternoon.

—Pickle poetry appears in the name of A. E. Foster & Co. this week.

—James McGuire is having some repairs made on the Grand Central Hotel.

—The Lindholm Co. are telling of the Dutchess Dress Skirts in their ad. today.

—Be sure to attend the McKean county fair at Smethport the first week in October.

—Read the advertisement of Mrs. Mary L. Bisett in this issue. It will interest you.

—Bradford has a cow poisoner as well as one who devotes his time to the removal of dogs.

—Born, to Mr. and Mrs. T. H. Morrison, Monday, Sept. 4, at the Bradford hospital, a son.

—Fry & Comes have an enlarged advertisement in this issue which will pay our readers to read.

—A short session of argument court was held Tuesday afternoon and adjourned until tomorrow morning.

—Miss Martha Hasbrouck, who was formerly as assistant in the Smethport High School, is now an instructor in the Olean High School.

—A. L. Colegrove took possession of the Commercial Hotel at Mt. Jewett on Friday, Sept. 1, and he reports the hotel business as being good.

—Preaching at the M. E. church next Sunday at 10:30 a. m. and 7:30 p. m. Dr. Willey's theme for the day will be, "Letting Christ have His Way."

—Editor C. O. Laymon of the Port Allegany Reporter has the sympathy of the MINER in the death of his aged mother which occurred last week.

—St. Agnes Guild of St. Luke's church will serve chocolate and cake in the parish house on Saturday afternoon from 3 to 5 o'clock. Tickets 10 cents.

—Rev. A. B. Sprague will preach his farewell sermon on Sunday, Sept. 10, at 10:30 a. m., at the Union church, East Smethport. All invited.

—About 40 representatives of the League of Cities of the Third Class of Pennsylvania held a very interesting meeting in Bradford this week.

—Good teachers, best methods, healthful surroundings, and reasonable rates at Edinboro Normal. Fall term begins Sept. 12th. John F. Bigler, Prin.

—Several young ladies enjoyed a picnic on the Beckwith farm, above town, last Friday afternoon. Miss Harriet Finley of Buffalo was the guest of honor.

—The McKean County Sabbath School convention which convened in Bradford this week selected Smethport as the meeting place for the convention next fall.

—Nearly everybody is making preparations to attend the McKean County Fair at Smethport, Oct. 3, 4, 5 and 6. If you are not one of them get in with the crowd.

—W. D. Reynolds is the new managing editor of the Bradford Star. He is an experienced newspaper man and has filled positions with prominent journals in the State.

—The McKean County Sabbath School Association held its annual convention in Bradford on Tuesday and Wednesday. It was an interesting meeting and well attended.

—Mr. Floyd E. Sturdevant and Miss Adah Butler, both of Coudersport, were united in marriage on Tuesday of last week. The bride has many friends here who will wish her a life of happiness.

—Joseph Mundy has resumed charge of his barber shop in the Central block and John Bender, who has conducted it for several months, has gone to Clermont where he will open a barber shop.

—Invitations have been issued for the wedding of Miss Lucy Oviatt to Mr. J. Arthur Miller of Bradford. The ceremony will take place at the home of the bride's parents in East Smethport next Wednesday.

—Mr. and Mrs. Wm. Hafner of Mechanic street have issued invitations for the wedding of their daughter, Miss Edith Alverna Hafner, to Mr. Herman Frederick Grabe of Bradford, on Wednesday afternoon, Sept. 20th.

—A pretty race for the Interstate League pennant is being made by the Coudersport and Erie teams, and it looks now with Coudersport .597 and Erie .582 as if neither club will have the flag cinched until the last game is played.

—The Randolph Register speaks of a Cattaraugus county boy who has "forged his way to fame." Why, we have had several licks up in this country do that, and some of them are now enjoying themselves in State prisons.—Austin Autograph.

—A handcar, carrying 14 Italians, was in collision with a work train in the north yards of the B. R. & P. railroad at DuBois on Tuesday, seriously injuring six of the foreigners, three of whom will die. The collision was the result of a dense fog.

—The Derrick City and Smethport ball teams will meet on Kane Field for two league games Saturday afternoon. As both teams are making a hot fight for the pennant and as these games are the last for these clubs interesting contests will result. Games call at 2 and 4 p. m.

—R. W. Hilton's new well on the Stickles farm, just east of this borough, was drilled into the Kane sand this morning and a strong flow of gas was found. The well will be drilled to the Haskell sand and is expected to prove one of the best gassers in this territory when completed.

—Miss Rose Allen and Mrs. Carrie Irons moved this week to Smethport where Miss Allen is teaching one of the departments of the public school. The ladies have many friends who will regret their departure, while at the same time they are thankful they have removed no farther.—Mt. Jewett Herald.

—The Haines Flint Bottle factory resumed operations Tuesday morning. The prospects are very bright for a successful run this season. Only a day shift is being used at present but it is expected that a night shift will be put on later. Some new faces are seen among the workmen, but the majority are well known to our people.

The Argus is informed that Miss Emma Hendrickson, well-known here, is about to accept a place in Dr. Linn's Museum in Buffalo, where she will pose as the "fairest fat woman." Miss Hendrickson is about twenty years of age and tips the scale at 386 pounds. In this acquisition Dr. Linn has at least added a large attraction.—Port Allegany Argus.

—There is necessary business to be attended to at the next meeting of the W. C. T. U., Saturday, Sept. 9, at 3 o'clock in the M. E. chapel. All are welcome and new members especially desired for the coming year. Contributions to the Beacon Light Mission in Bradford will be gladly received on that day or at any time. Clothing for children of all ages, playthings, picture books and suitable reading matter and cash are acceptable.

—A drove of western horses from Wyoming were on sale at Jones' livery last Saturday afternoon and attracted a large crowd of sightseers and interested persons. They were in charge of Johnson brothers, experienced horsemen, and a lively sale resulted, many of the animals bringing very good prices, considering the fact that most of them were only broke to the halter. E. W. Jones acted as auctioneer the latter part of the afternoon and helped to keep the crowd in good spirits.

—Amos Rusie, once a famous pitcher of the New York club of the national baseball league, is a lumber hand and has been engaged in this business in the southern part of Indiana for some time at $1.50 per day. He has just obtained a better place in Cairo, Ill., where he will receive $4 a day. Mr. Rusie received $5,000 a year while with the New York club, but for the past two years he has drawn only $1.50 per day. It is not likely that he will ever re-enter the baseball field.

—To accommodate visitors to the encampment and exhibition of the Patrons of Husbandry, to be held at Grange Park, Centre Hall, Pa., September 17 to 23, the Pennsylvania Railroad Company will sell round-trip tickets from all stations in Pennsylvania, from Baltimore, New Freedom and intermediate stations and from Elmira to Centre Hall, Pa., at special reduced rates. These tickets will be on sale and good from September 16 to 23, inclusive, and good for return passage until September 26.

—Some time between Wednesday night and Thursday morning a number of chickens were stolen from the premises of Edward Norman on West Main street. When Mr. Norman closed his hennery Wednesday evening all the fowls were there, but in the morning he found the hen house had been broken into and several valuable chickens were missing. He has no clue as to the perpetrator of this despicable deed, but is making strenuous efforts to find the guilty party and see that justice is meted out.

—A woman envied her neighbor the possession of a cook, a veritable treasure, and actually went so far as to personally call upon the coveted cook and offer her a higher wage than she was receiving. This came to the ears of the mistress. When next the two women met at a dinner given by a mutual friend it was observed that the fortunate possessor of the incomparable cook did not greet the other. Said one, "Are you not acquainted with Mrs. Blank?" The other replied in a frigid tone, "No, but she sometimes calls on my cook."

WANTED—Girl for general house work. Inquire at MINER office.

Subscribe for the MINER.

Personal Mention.

O. J. Hamlin returned Tuesday from a visit to Buffalo.

John Troy of Olean had business in town yesterday.

E. R. Mayo, Esq., had business in Bradford last Friday.

Mr. and Mrs. F. J. Andrews are over from Roulette on a visit to relatives.

Miss Sylvia Lawrence of Mt. Jewett visited friends in town over Sunday.

Melvin Joyner of Chipmunk is visiting at the home of A. W. Colegrove.

Mr. and Mrs. A. L. Colegrove of Mt. Jewett were visitors in town yesterday.

Mr. and Mrs. D. M. Brasted have returned from a visit to New York City.

Misses Mayte and Sadie Cooley are visiting friends in Kane and Johnsonburg.

W. A. Andorfer attended the Sabbath School convention held in Bradford this week.

Hon. and Mrs. A. B. Armstrong are in Toronto this week viewing the exposition.

Floyd Hamm left yesterday for Valparaiso, Ind., where he will attend school.

Miss Ada Leminler of Eldred is visiting at the home of her uncle, Chas. Leminler.

Misses Evelyn and Evangeline Moran of Bolivar visited Mrs. D. M. Sheehan this week.

Messrs. James A. Malcolm and E. A. Riggall returned this morning from the Toronto Fair.

Miss Bessie Blake left Tuesday for Buffalo where she has a position in a millinery house.

Misses Janet and Christine Rose of Port Allegany were the guests of Miss Ethel Toll Monday.

Roy Stark of the Ingram Printery, Bradford, passed Sunday and Monday with relatives in town.

Mr. and Mrs. W. V. Provin and daughter, Miss Bessie, were among the Bolivar visitors in town Monday.

Mr. and Mrs. W. G. Shoemaker and infant son of Buffalo arrived in town yesterday for a two weeks' visit.

H. S. Rogers, Esq., of Mt. Jewett had business in town Monday and was a pleasant caller at the MINER office.

Mrs. Chas. Leminler and Miss Mabel Day are attending the County Sabbath School Assn. in Bradford this week.

Mrs. J. J. Healy and little daughter, Edna, of Kane visited her parents, Mr. and Mrs. J. E. Bailey, the past week.

Dr. and Mrs. E. R. Baker left Sunday in their automobile for Brookville where they will be the guests of friends.

Miss Agnes Blair of Blossburg, Pa., who has been visiting at the home of H. O. Gellatly, has left for her school in DuBois.

Mr. and Mrs. B. J. Cummings and family visited friends in Bradford this week. From there they went to the Toronto Fair.

Messrs. Robert Schlosser and Theron Lyle were guests of friends in Kinzua Sunday and Monday. They made the trip both ways overland.

Mrs. Edward McSweeney and children who have been visiting friends in town, returned to their home in Washington, Pa., last Saturday.

Mr. and Mrs. W. P. Clothier of Buffalo spent Sunday in town the guests of Mrs. Clothier's mother, Mrs. J. W. Brennan of Mechanic street.

Mr. and Mrs. C. H. Gleason, Mr. and Mrs. F. W. Brownell, Mrs. Flora Hagarth and Mrs. F. A. Mason are viewing the Toronto Exposition this week.

Mrs. John Grimshaw and daughter, Miss Mabel, of Buffalo, who have been the guests of Mrs. Grimshaw's sister Mrs. C. L. Willey, have returned home.

Remember we exhibit Edison phonographs and records at the fair.
Holmes & Gilfillan.

There is only one medicinal whiskey sold in Smethport. Ask for O. F. C. at Hotel Imperial.

Go to J. C. Hamlin for all kinds of Fruit Cans, Jelly Glasses and Preserving Kettles.

Oak and chestnut fence posts for sale. Inquire of Victor B. Bouton, Smethport.

I am now showing the new Fall Line of

Dinner

and

Tally Cards

There are many beautiful designs among them. You will also find here the pads for the popular

"GAME OF 500"

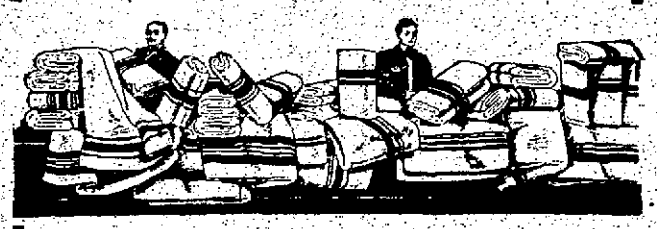
MARY L. BISETT,

THE CITY STORE.

McCALL PATTERNS 10 & 15c — BARKER COLLARS 2 for 25c

FRY & COMES.

DRY GOODS CARPETS MEN'S FURNISHINGS



IMPORTANT---GOOD NEWS FOR BLANKET BUYERS.

All blankets, both cotton and wool are way up in price at the factory and in the wholesale markets. Reason—Higher priced cotton and wool—but we bought early and the stock in hand costs us a great deal less than the same style and qualities could be purchased for to-day.

The story of to-day is Cotton Fleeced Blankets, in white, grey and tan, with the proper borders, and a number of designs particularly suited for blanket robe and bath robes—and those who know the comfort of a blanket robe will never be without one. The prices range from

Half a Dollar to Two Dollars and a Half.

and when this lot is sold the new ones will cost you more.

35 pairs 10-4 size, grays and white, at per pair, 50c.
20 " 10-4 " tans, at per pair, 58c.
25 " 11-4 " grays and white, at per pair, 75c.
10 " 10-4 " tans and grays, at per pair, 75c.
35 " 11-4 " blues, grays, tanks, pinks and white, at per pair, $1.00.
10 " 12-4 " white and gray, at per pair, $1.25.
10 " 11-4 " gray, at per pair, $1.50.
15 special robe patterns, at per piece, $2.50.

FRY & COMES.

HELLO!

THE QUESTION

What About That Heating Stove?

Remember we can answer that question. See us when in need of a heater as we can show you as fine a line as in the city at lowest prices. Stoves to heat the bath room, dining room, hall and parlor.

HOLMES & GILFILLAN

LUMBER AND HARDWARE, BLACKSMITH AND WAGON SHOP.

We Keep in Stock Everything for a House from Foundation to Chimney To

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OUR REGULAR SEPTEMBER REDUCTION SALE

is now on.

EVERYTHING at reduced Prices including DIAMONDS

7 MAIN STREET **PRILL** BRADFORD, PA.

Bell Phone 473.

THEIR HONEYMOON

By Harriet G. Canfield

Copyright, 1903, by Harriet G. Canfield

"Jack, dear, wasn't it awful?" she whispered.

"Why, no, Beth. I rather liked it."

"Liked it! My hat is full of rice and your shoulders are simply covered with it. The publicity of it, Jack! If they'd only let us slip off quietly! Now every one will know that we're just married. You mustn't pay any attention to me! You must read your paper, and then—"

"And then?" smiling whimsically.

"Why, then you must go into the smoking car, dear."

When Jack abandoned his paper for a cigar the old lady behind Beth leaned forward. "Excuse me," she said, "but are you going far?"

"Yes, a long distance." Then the kind old face won her confidence, and she added veraly: "My husband has a farm out west. We are going there now, but we intend to stop at several places on the way."

"I was thinking," the old lady said, "of the many bridal couples that have passed over this road. How many of them, I wonder, are as happy now as they dreamed they'd be?"

"Oh, many, I hope," said the little bride wistfully. "Don't you think so?"

"It all depends. Of course the honeymoon can't last forever. A man may love his wife better every day—he probably does—but he forgets to tell her so, and a woman's heart is a curious thing. She can't live on faith and apple dumplings." Then she added, "My dear, if your husband ever forgets to show you any of the little signs of affection I want you to remember that he loves you just the same and believes in your love for him, but, being a man, he isn't continually looking for a sign."

"Thank you," Beth whispered gratefully, "and I'll remember."

The old lady left the car at the next station, and Jack returned.

In less than two months Beth was the established mistress of the farmhouse, though Jack's Aunt Mehitabel, who had ruled there so long, was loath to relinquish her scepter.

In Aunt Hitty's presence Beth's spirits were seriously subdued. Even the Swedish girl in the kitchen felt the depressing influence and fanned a dirge wherever Aunt Hitty entered her domain.

The weeks went by, and the little wife's happiness was seriously in danger. Her nature was an active one, but Jack's aunt opposed her every effort to be useful. When alone with her husband Beth was happy; their honeymoon had not waned. She longed to tell the kind old lady so. But Jack could not often be with her. The farm work demanded his attention. Once, when she supposed Aunt Hitty was taking her afternoon nap, Beth gave way to her feelings, and, burying her face in Jack's old coat, she cried as if her heart would break.

That evening, as she sat on the wide porch, waiting for Jack to join her, she overheard Aunt Hitty talking to him.

"She is so utterly incompetent," Aunt Hitty was saying, "and so childish! This afternoon I heard her crying—actually crying! I often wonder why you married her, John."

"Because I loved her—that is sufficient, I think," Jack answered. "Poor little girl! crying, was she?"

Then he came out and found Beth, standing white and still in the moonlight.

"This is a lonesome place, isn't it, dear?" he said, very gently. "I think it would do you good to return Mrs. Lennox's call tomorrow. It will cheer her up, and Tom too."

Mrs. Lennox and son seemed glad to see them and insisted upon keeping Beth until after tea. "You needn't come for her, Mr. Bradley," Tom's mother said. "My son will take her home."

This was the beginning of the great intimacy between the two families.

Jack was very busy on the farm, but young Lennox had more time at his disposal. He frequently drove over for Beth and brought her home in the moonlight. Jack rejoiced in their friendship and had no thought of jealousy until Aunt Hitty said:

"Beth is never happy unless she is with Mr. Lennox. I'm sure it doesn't look well for her to ride with him as often as she does." Jack laughed at the idea, but it came again and again until he imagined that Beth shrank from his caresses, and he resolved not to annoy her in the future. His wife felt that the honeymoon was waning at last and bravely tried to follow the old lady's advice and believe that Jack still loved her.

By and by the grain rose and fell in golden waves and the sun beat pitilessly down on the tired men toiling in the harvest fields. In the midst of it all Jack succumbed to the heat and had to be helped to the house. Aunt Hitty took immediate possession of him and prescribed rest in a darkened room. He slept heavily for some time, and when he opened his eyes Beth was bending over him.

"Jack, dear," she said, "is there nothing I can do for you?"

"Nothing," he answered stiffly. "I shall be all right in a day or two. All that worries me is the wheat. It's sure to rain before long, and there's no one to take my place in the field. Tom Lennox can't spare one of his men, and I wouldn't ask him to."

Beth waited until his tired eyes closed again and then stole from the room. An hour later Mrs. Lennox welcomed her in astonishment.

"What brought you out in this fearful heat?" she asked.

Beth told of Jack's sudden illness and his great need of help.

"And now," she said, "I want to hire out to Jack, and I want you to help me."

"You want to 'hire out'?" Mrs. Lennox gasped. "What do you mean, child?"

"I know there's not much I can do," she said humbly, "but I found some boy's clothes hanging in the wash house, and if you will help me take them up a little I'm sure we can make them fit. Don't say you won't help me, for there's nothing I can do for Jack if I stay a home." And in spite of Mrs. Lennox's objections Beth won her consent.

After dinner, while Aunt Hitty rested, grudgingly resigning her patient to his wife's tender mercies, a messenger came with a note for Beth, urging her immediate presence at the Lennox farm.

"Come prepared to stay two days," Mrs. Lennox had written. She read it aloud to Jack.

"I suppose you want to go?" he asked.

"Oh, so much, dear!"

"Very well. But if I were in your place, Beth," he said dryly, "I'd drop the 'dear.' It doesn't sound well under the circumstances."

Beth's lips quivered; but she tried to smile.

"Perhaps it does sound silly, now that our honeymoon's over," she said bravely, and then barried from the room.

"Over," she said. Yes, it is over," he murmured feebly and turned his face to the wall.

In the middle of the afternoon one of the hired men came to the house and asked to see Mr. Bradley.

"There's a kid here," he said, "that wants to hire out."

"Where does he come from?" Jack asked in surprise.

"From some place beyond Lennox's, I guess. He says he wants to sleep an' eat home, so it can't be fur off. Shall I tell him he can stay, sir?"

"I am only too glad to get him," Jack replied.

When the men left the field at supper time the new hand was very tired. He seemed likely to drop before he got home," they told Jack.

"Poor little chap," said one of them. "He ain't used to workin' so hard. If the rain holds off a day longer, sir, we'll get the wheat all cut."

The rain did hold off until evening of the next day, and the wheat was cut and stacked, when one of the men came running to the house for help.

"The little chap is down there in the field with Jim sick," he said. "Shall I hitch up and take him home?"

"No," Jack said. "Bring him up here. It will rain before you could get started."

There was something strangely familiar in the pathetic little figure they laid so carefully on the bed.

"If we can do anything for him, jest call us," Jim said.

Jack stooped and untied the big straw hat from the boyish head; then his face grew white, for Beth's soft, brown hair, released from bondage, streamed over the pillow, and Beth's blue eyes gazed into his, without the faintest sign of recognition.

"Beth," he cried, "my little Beth!" The restless head turned on the pillow, and the pale lips murmured: "Say you'll help me, Mrs. Lennox. I want to help Jack."

Kneeling beside her, Jack kissed the little hands and sobbed aloud. Then the voice went on, with many pauses: "Yes, the honeymoon is over, but Jack loves me just the same. Sometimes—I wish—he'd tell me so—just once more."

Aunt Hitty had entered the room unnoticed. She started now, at the sound of her own name. Beth was living it over—all the weariness and heartache. "Aunt Hitty," she wailed, "I've tried so hard to please her—so hard; she doesn't love me—she never will!"

The tears rained down Aunt Hitty's face. "I didn't know," she said, "I never realized!" All that night she watched with Jack beside Beth's bed, while the rain beat against the windows, and the wind moaned through the trees. But when day dawned, all was still, the sunlight touched Beth's face and wakened her. Her eyes sought Jack's inquiringly, then rested there, in sweet content.

"I dreamed," she said, while she held her tenderly in his strong arms, "I dreamed that our honeymoon was just beginning." And Jack said reverently, "Please God, it is."

Guiglini.

Guiglini, the great tenor, was once playing Pollio to Mme. Titien's Norma. In one scene the Druid priestess summons an assembly together by the sound of a gong to decide on the punishment to be inflicted on a guilty person unnamed. Titien struck the gong with such force that in throwing back the drumstick she caught Guiglini on the nose and made it bleed. The singer was furious. He swore that he would never play in "Norma" again and insisted that the offending drumstick should be solemnly locked up. The opera was so popular that it was necessary to give it sometimes, but the tenor would not hear of appearing in it. Consequently Signor Corsi was announced to sing in his place. The house was very full, and the opera went splendidly until the time came for Pollio's entrance. No Pollio appeared. The disturbed manager flew to Guiglini's dressing room and found him hastily putting on Corsi's dress in a great hurry to come in for the applause he heard coming from the front. The audience was so delighted when he came on at last that it willingly forgave the delay. Titien struck the gong with her hand instead of the drumstick, and the opera ended magnificently.

INSURANCE.

Life Fire and Accident written by

W F. SPECHT

SMETHPORT, PA.

In good reliable companies.

What Shall We Have for Dessert?

The question arises in the family every day. Let us answer it to-day. Try Jell-O, a delicious and healthful dessert. Prepared in two minutes. No boiling! no baking! simply add boiling water and set to cool. Flavors:—Lemon, Orange, Raspberry and Strawberry. Get a package at your grocers to-day.

THE GIRDLE.

It Was a Much Used Arrangement in the Middle Ages.

In the middle ages the girdle were hung the thousand and one odds and ends needed and utilized in everyday affairs. The scrivener had his ink horn and pen attached to it, the scholar his book or books, the monk his crucifix and rosary, the innkeeper his tallies and everybody his knife. So many and so various were the articles attached to it that the flippant began to poke fun. In an old play there is mention of a merchant who had hanging at his girdle a pouch, a spectacle case, a "pumnard," a pen and ink horn and a "handkercher," with many other trinkets besides, which a merry companion seeing said, "It was like a lady exhasher's shop of small wares." In another early play a lady says to her maids: "Give me my girdle and see that all the furniture be at it. Look that cigars, phebers, the penknife, the knife to close letters with, the toothpick, the ear picker and the scale be in the case." Girdles were in some respects like the chatelaines of more modern times, but they differed there from in being more useful, more comprehensive in regard both to sex and to articles worn, and when completely furnished more costly. It is partly for this reason that we find girdles bequeathed as precious heirlooms and as valuable presents to keep the giver's memory green after death. They were not infrequently of great intrinsic value.

A QUEER CHANDELIER.

It Is Made of Human Bones and Hangs in a Church.

In the center of the arched roof of All Saints' church, Sedlitz, in Bohemia, hangs a chandelier constructed entirely of human bones. The church in which this remarkable object is suspended is decorated from the floor to the ceiling with the blanched bones of human bodies. Garlands of bones stretch across the walls and hang from the ceiling. Pyramids, topped with golden crowns, are artistically reared from the ground with these whitened remains of the dead. The altars are literally covered with skulls, among which are hundreds of those which had been pierced by bullets or crushed by murderous blows from swords and other weapons, denoting that these grim relics of humanity have been gathered from adjacent battlefields.

Tradition says that these piles of human bones were gathered by a friar of the Cistercian order, who stored them in a corner of the church. As they were fast changing into their original elements, a man named Rint devoted himself to the task of cleaning and arranging them in the church. Prince Carl of Schwarzenberg took a strong personal interest in the restoration and arrangement of the church and ordered all the repairs to be done at his own expense. A large number of tourists visit this extraordinary church every year.—London Tit-Bits.

Reynolds and Two Pictures.

Sir Joshua Reynolds having become a great man, it was but natural that the town council of Plymptom, near Plymouth, where he was born, should elect him mayor. In acknowledgment of the honor he painted as his portrait of himself and presented it to the corporation. He wrote to a friend asking him to see that the picture was hung in a good light. This friend not only did so, but hung a poor picture alongside of it in order to heighten the merits of Sir Joshua's work by contrast. Then he informed Reynolds of all the trouble he had taken. In thanking him Sir Joshua told him that the poor picture had been painted by himself (Reynolds) in early life.

The Hopelessness of Gout.

A quaint old cure for the gout—a cure, from a seventeenth century medical work, that was designed to show gout's hopelessness. "First pick," said this odd cure, "a handkerchief from the pocket of a spinster who never wished to wed; second, wash the handkerchief in an honest miller's pond; third, dry it on the hedge of a person who never was covetous; fourth, send it to the shop of a physician who never killed a patient; fifth, mark it with a lawyer's ink who never cheated a client, and, sixth, apply it, hot, to the gout tormented part. A speedy cure must follow."

One Toed Women.

Everybody has heard of the small feet of the ladies of China. But it is not so generally known that they commonly have but one toe. This is, however, the fact. The great toe of the females of the first rank, and of some of the inferior classes also, is the only one left to act with any freedom. The rest are doubled down under the foot in their tenderest infancy and retained by compression and tight bandages till they unite with and are buried in the sole.

Grumpse's Openwork Socks.

"Why does Dr. Grumpse always buy openwork socks?"

"He says that, having been a bachelor for forty-five years, the kind with holes in are the only ones in which he feels natural."—Cleveland Leader.

Very Old.

Miss Passaye—I prize that book very highly. It is a very old edition. Miss Budde—Yes, dear, I thought it must be when I saw on the fly leaf that it was presented to you on your twenty-first birthday.

The Pretty Girl.

He—I dreamt last night I proposed to a pretty girl.

She—What did I say?

THE MINER and Tri-Weekly Tribune one year for $1.75 IN ADVANCE.

CATCHING SOFT CLAMS.

An Interesting Occupation on the Shore at Low Tide.

As we walk along the shore at low tide, on the lookout for seaweeds or interesting animals, little jets of sea water will be seen spurting up from holes in the sand. Let us dig rapidly down under one of these tiny openings and we will catch the spurter, the common soft clam, but if we are not quick enough he will burrow so rapidly as to disappear entirely and only send a last spout of water into our faces, as if in defiance. Place the shell in a glass of sea water and when the clam gains confidence he will extend from his shell the long tubelike siphon, and the two openings in the end of it, with their fringed borders, will be seen.

Now take a compound microscope or a magnifying glass and watch the water above the siphon. You will see that it is moving. With the minute life forms it contains the water sweeps in swirling currents toward one orifice of the tube and plunges suddenly down it. Then, after passing over the gills and body of the clam and giving out nourishment, the water is expelled through the other tube, and we see it rising slowly from the opening. If, however, the clam takes a fancy to contract his shell and so hasten this motion we will see a little fountain shoot up and sprinkle the surroundings just as they were observed to do on the shore.—St. Nicholas.

VIRTUES OF HONEY.

They Were Known Even Before the Koran Mentioned Them.

"There proceedeth from the bellies of bees a liquor of various color wherein is a medicine for men," says the Koran. But the virtues of honey were known before the Koran said anything about it and by countless peoples besides the desert folk of Arabia. Not only has it long been used as food and medicine, but many drinks of differing potencies and flavors have been made from it. In England a favorite drink of the old time was mead, which was made by the fermentation of the liquor obtained by boiling in water combs from which the honey had been drained. In the preparation of sack mead an ounce of hops is added to each gallon of the liquor and after the fermentation a small quantity of brandy. Metheglin, or hydromel is manufactured by fermenting with yeast a solution of honey flavored with boiled hops. A kind of mead is much used in Abyssinia, where it is carried on journeys in long horns. In Russia a drink called "bjerz" is made from the boildons honey of the linden. The "nectar" of the ancient Romans consisted of honey, wine and water boiled together. "The clarre" or "mineth" of Chaucer's time was wine mixed with honey and spices and strained clear.—Chicago News.

THE EYE IN READING.

How Its Jumps Along the Printed Line Are Measured.

We know that an eye at ordinary reading distance takes in about one inch of a line at a time and that in reading a line of an ordinary book the eye makes five or six distinct jumps. But as the movements are so very minute and rapid how have they been studied?

A beam of light is thrown upon the cornea of the eye, and this beam is reflected by the cornea on a photographic plate. As the eye moves in reading the reflected beam also moves, and upon developing the plate, which is also kept moving, a zigzag line is found. A study of such photographic tracings shows that the eyes in turning back to pick up the next line have some difficulty in so doing. The longer the line of print the greater the effort, and for this reason we may conclude that a narrow line is better for an eye than a long one, and if the line be much wider than the ordinary newspaper column there is greater effort involved.—Jewelers' Weekly.

Australian Nicknames.

The Australian papers protest that the term "Cornstalks" is not proper as a nickname for the inhabitants of the big isle of the south seas. English papers have been in the habit of calling the Australian cricket team its "Cornstalks." Of the Australian states New South Wales alone confers the title "Cornstalk" upon her sons. A Queenslander is a "Banana-lander," a Victorian a "Gum Sucker," a South Australian a "Crow Eater," a West Australian a "Sand Groper."

Thoreau's Deathbed.

When the forest haunting hermit Thoreau lay on his deathbed a Calvinistic friend called to make inquiry regarding his soul. "Henry," he said anxiously, "have you made your peace with God?" "John," replied the dying naturalist in a whisper, "I didn't know that God and myself had quarreled."

The Shadows.

Were a man's sorrows and disquietudes summed up at the end of his life it would generally be found that he had suffered more from the apprehension of such evils as never happened to him than from those evils which had really befallen him.

At the Club.

"Carry any life insurance?"

"Yes, $10,000 in favor of my wife."

"Should think you'd be ashamed to look her in the face."

"Wha-what for?"

"For living. What excuse do you give her?"

He that hires one garden (which he is able to look after) eats birds; he that hires more will be eaten by the birds.—Hebrew Proverb.

SOME FOOLISH PEOPLE

Allow a cough to run until it gets beyond the reach of medicine. They often say: "Oh it will wear away," but in most cases it will wear them away. Could they be induced to try the successful medicine called Kemp's Balsam, which is sold on a positive guarantee to cure, they would immediately see the excellent effect after taking the first dose. Price 25c and 50c. Trial size free. At all druggists.

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State Treasurer—Frank G. Harris.
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Atty of Internal Affairs—I. B. Brown

DISTRICT AND COUNTY.

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State Senator—Myron Matson, Bradford.
Members of Assembly—J. W Campell, Kane; J. M. McKinney, Bradford.
District Attorney—John F. Melvin, Bradford, Pa.
Sheriff—Charles E. Mayo, Morrisons.
Prothonotary—E. Bell, Smethport.
Recorder—H. M. Chosie, Smethport.
Register—J. B. Eastman, Smethport.
Clerk of Courts—W. H. Morrison, Smethport.
County Treasurer—S. D. Weaver, Smethport.
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County Clerk—A. B. Walker, Bradford.
Jury Commissioners—S. M. Lowe, Rixford and Leon Curtis, Farmers Valley.
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Coroner—B. H. Hall, M. D., Bradford.
County School Superintendent—J. E. Myers, Smethport.

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Council—W. A. Getzendiner, president; Mrs. Lena Hyde, secretary; Alfred Hamberg, Jr., McKean; A. A. Abbey, J. E. Rooney, James Herriman, J. C. Cunningham.
Justices—B. F. Kane, R. F. Gleason.
Constables—E. W. Jones.
High Constable—Andrew Ness.
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Assessor—E. H. Freeman.
Auditors—C. C. Coe, W. A. B. Bidder.
Judge of Election—G. H. Hyde.
Inspectors of Election—J. A. Swanson, C. R. Burlingame.

Lodge Directory.

F. & A. M.—McKean Lodge, No. 368, meets on the second and fourth Wednesday of each month, at 7:30 o'clock p. m. at Masonic Hall, Main street.

GUY B. MAYO, W. M.
W. F. SPECHT, Sec'y.

I. O. O. F.—Smethport Lodge, No. 389, meets Friday evenings at 8:00 o'clock in I. O. O. F. Hall. Will work initiatory degree first meeting of each month; 1st degree on second and degree on third, and 3rd degree on fourth meetings.

E. W. STROSO, N. G.
W. G. HOLDER, Sec'y.

I. O. O. F.—Smethport Encampment, No. 1273, meets the first and third Wednesdays of each month in I. O. O. F. Hall.

S. H. CHOSIE, C. P.
G. B. BARBER, Scribe.

G. A. R.—McKean Post, No. 349, meets the Thursday afternoon of each month at 3 p. m. in the Odd Fellows Hall.

H. L. BURLINGAME, Com.
H. M. CHOSIE, Adjutant.

W. R. C.—Meets every Thursday afternoon at I. O. O. F. Hall.

MRS. ADELL GRIGSBY, Pres.
MRS. ROSE PEIRCE, Sec'y.

A. O. U. W.—Smethport Lodge, No. 175, meets Tuesday evening of each month, in Kerns Hall.

Z. U. GIFFORD, M. W.
J. C. GALLUP, Recorder.

K. O. T. M.—Smethport Tent, No. 9, meets every second and fourth Tuesday evening, at 7:30 in I. O. O. F. Hall.

A. H. KIMBER, Com.
W. H. MORRISON, R. K.

L. O. T. M.—Brown Hive, No. 48, meets in I. O. O. F. Hall, Thursday afternoons.

MINNIE E. PIERCE, Com.
LIZZIE F. HOLDER, R. K.

C. M. B. A.—Smethport Branch 13 meets second and fourth Wednesdays of each month at W. C. T. U. Hall, Backus block, at 7:30 p. m.

JAMES LYNCH, Pres't.
THOMAS CLARK, Rec. Sec'y.

W. C. T. U.—Meets every alternate Wednesday at 2:30 p. m. in the M. E. church.

MRS. JANE N. FORSYTH, Pres.
MRS. MARY B. HOLDEN, Sec'y.

P. H. C.—Smethport Branch, No. 25, meets on every Tuesday evening in I. O. O. F. Hall.

CLARA BURLINGAME, Sec'y.

Phoenix Chapter No. 19, O. E. S.—Meets first and third Thursdays in each month in Odd Fellows' Hall.

MISS MAY CHOATE, W. M
MRS. ROSE MALCOLM, Sec'y.

I. O. R. M.—Meets every Monday evening in I. O. O. F. Hall. Adoption degree 1st Monday; Warrior's degree 2nd Monday; Chief's degree 3rd Monday.

A. A. ABBEY, S.
L. E. HOGARTH, C. of R.

Churches.

Methodist Episcopal—Gaylord R. Fatterson Ph. D., pastor. Class Meeting Sunday at 10 a. m. Preaching at 10:30 a. m. Sunday School at 11:45 a. m. Junior League at 4 p. m. Epworth League at 6:30 p. m. Preaching at 7:30 p. m. General prayer meeting Thursday at 7:30 p. m.

Episcopal—J. Heber McCandless, Rector. Services every Sunday at 10:30 a. m. and 7:45 p. m. Additional service at 8 a. m., except on first Sunday of each month. Sunday School at 9:30 a. m.

All Saint's Memorial Chapel—East Smethport—Rev. J. Heber McCandless, Rector. Divine services every Sunday at 2:45 p. m. Sunday School 3:30 p. m. The Ladies Guild meets every Friday at 10 a. m.

St. Elizabeth Catholic Church—Rev. P. Cosgrove, Pastor. Mass at 11 a. m. Service at 11:30 a. m. Sunday School at 3 p. m. Services on each Sunday.

First Baptist Church—P. S. Calvin, Pastor. Preaching each Sunday at 11:00 a. m. and 7:30 p. m. Sunday School at 10 a. m. Junior Endeavor at 3 p. m. Senior Endeavor at 6:30 p. m. Prayer meeting each Wednesday evening at 7:30. Ladies' Aid Society meets each Friday afternoon in the church building. Women's Missionary Circle meets the first Tuesday evening in each month. The pastor preaches in the East Smethport Chapel each Sunday afternoon at 2:30. All are invited. Seats free.

Pennsylvania

RAILROAD

BUFFALO AND ALLEGHENY VALLEY DIVISION.

Time Table—Taking effect May 28, 1904.

TRAINS LEAVE SMETHPORT.

For Clermont, Ridgway, DuBois and Pittsburg:
Train 122, week days 10:10 a. m.
For Larabee, Port Allegany, Coudersport and points north:
Train 123, week days 4:04 p. m.

PHILADELPHIA & ERIE DIVISION TIME TABLE.

TRAINS LEAVE EMPORIUM JUNCTION.

EASTWARD.

8:20 a. m.—Train 12, Sundays, for Sunbury and Wilkesbarre, Scranton, Hazleton, Ottsville, Harrisburg and intermediate stations, arriving at Philadelphia 6:23 p. m., New York 9:30 p. m., Baltimore 6:00 p. m., Washington 7:15 p. m. Pullman Parlor car from Williamsport to Philadelphia, and passenger coaches from Kane to Philadelphia and Williamsport to Baltimore and Washington.

12:23 p. m.—Train 8, daily for Sunbury, Harrisburg and principal intermediate stations, arriving at Philadelphia 7:32 p.m., New York 10:23 p. m., Baltimore 7:30 p. m., Washington 8:35 p. m. Vestibuled parlor cars and passenger coaches, Buffalo to Philadelphia and Washington.

3:23 p. m.—Train 6, daily, for Harrisburg and intermediate stations, arriving at Philadelphia 4:23 a. m., New York 7:13 a. m., Baltimore 5:50 a. m., Washington 6:50 a. m. Pullman sleeping cars from Harrisburg to Philadelphia and New York. Philadelphia passengers can remain in sleeper undisturbed until 7:30 a. m.

10:35 p. m.—Train 4, daily for Sunbury, Harrisburg and intermediate stations arriving at Philadelphia 7:25 a. m., New York 9:23 a. m. week days (9:58 a. m. Sundays) Baltimore 7:15 a. m., Washington 8:20 a. m. Pullman sleeping cars from Erie and Williamsport to Philadelphia and Williamsport to Washington and passenger cars from Erie to Philadelphia and Williamsport to Baltimore.

12:20 a. m.—Train 14, daily for Sunbury, Harrisburg and principal intermediate stations, arriving at Philadelphia 7:17 a. m., New York 9:33 a. m. week days, (10:58 a. m. Sundays) Baltimore 7:2 a. m., Washington 8:40 a. m. Vestibuled Pullman sleeping cars and passenger coaches, Buffalo to Philadelphia and Washington.

WESTWARD.

1:10 a. m.—Train 9, daily, for Erie, Ridgway and weekdays DuBois, Clermont and intermediate stations.

10:25 a. m.—Train 3, daily for Erie and week days for DuBois and intermediate stations.

4:20 p. m.—Train 55, daily for Erie and intermediate stations.

Johnsonburg R. R.

Weekdays

NORTH	STATIONS	SOUTH
A M		A M
9:00	Ridgway	11:50
9:40	Johnsonburg	11:20
9:50	Glen Hazel	11:00
10:05	Shorts	10:45
10:12	Tunnel	10:37
10:20	Smith's Run	10:32
10:40	Westville	10:13
10:55	Clermont	10:00
P M		A M

Connections are made with train 3, leaving Johnsonburg at 11:20 a. m. for Erie and intermediate points, arriving at Erie at 3:50 p. m. and at Ridgway with train 206, leaving Ridgway at 2:55 p. m. for DuBois, Falls Creek, Punxsutawney and intermediate points.

A. W. ARTHURBURY, J. R. WILDS, General Manager. Pass. Traffic Mgr.
GEO. W. BOYD, Gen'l Passenger Agent.

Buffalo, Bradford & Kane Railway.

Time table in Effect April 2nd, 1905, Eastern Time.

Trains leave Smethport via Kushequa Route daily except Sunday at 7:30 a. m., 12:00 a. m. and 5:15 p. m.

Arrive	8:30 a. m.	12:30 p. m.	5:45 p. m.
Bradford	9:20	1:15	6:35
Mt. Jewett	9:45	1:35	6:55
Kane	10:30	2:25	7:55
Leave	8:40 a. m.	2:30 p. m.	8:00 p. m.
Bradford	7:00	1:00	2:34
Kane	7:00	10:15	1:30
Mt. Jewett	7:34	11:20	5:00
		8:40 a. m.	

Arriving at Smethport at 8:50 a. m., 1:50 p. m. and 9:10 p. m.

Connections at Bradford with Erie, B., R. & P. Ry. and Penna. Ry. and at Kane with B. & O. R. R. and Penna. R. R.

A. B. CAMPBELL, Genl. Supt. R. S. BELLIS, Gen. Pass. Agt. Bradford.

The Pittsburg, Shawmut & Northern

Effective Jan. 15, 1905

Trains leave Smethport as follows:

8:00 a. m.—For Mt. Jewett (arr. 8:50 a. m.), connecting with B. R. & P. Ry. for Bradford (arr. 9:35 a. m.); Kane (arr. 10:30 a. m.); Ridgway (arr. 10:45 a. m.); DuBois (arr. 10:45 a. m.) and Punxsutawney (arr. 11:30 a. m.).

2:00 p. m. for Eldred (arr. 2:26 p. m.); Glean (arr. 2:30 p. m.); connecting with P. R. R. for Buffalo (arr. 3:30 p. m.).

10:00 noon for Clermont (arr. 12:30 p. m.); St. Marys (arr. 1:05 p. m.); Shawmut (arr. 1:22 p. m.); and Brockwayville (arr. 1:50 p. m.).

2:20 p. m. for Eldred (arr. 2:49 p. m.); Glean (arr. 3:10 p. m.); connecting with P. R. R. for Buffalo (arr. 4:10 p. m.); Bolivar (arr. 3:37 p. m.); Friendship (arr. 3:55 p. m.); Angelica (arr. 4:22 p. m.); Hornellsville (arr. 5:35 p. m.); Wayland (arr. 7:35 p. m.); connecting with D. L. & W. for all points east.

Trains arrive:—9:30—From Mt. Jewett with connections from Kane. 2:20 p. m.—From Brockwayville, Shawmut, St. Marys and Clermont. 12:02 noon—From Hornellsville, Wayland, Angelica, Friendship, Bolivar and Glean 2:25 p. m.—From Mt. Jewett with connections from B. R. & P. 7:32 p. m.—From Glean and Eldred.

N. B.—All trains daily except Sunday.

A. M. LANE, General Supt. C. F. RENWICK, Gen. Pass. Agt. St. Marys, Pa.

OLEAN, BRADFORD & PORT ALLEGANY

Railroad Time Table, taking effect Monday, March 18, 1901.

Ar. Eastward:	STATIONS.	Lv Westward.	
A.M.	A.M.	P.M.	A.M.
3:05	7:15	2:10	Ulysses	7:40	2:25	9:15
7:50	9:35	2:55	Criswell	7:25	2:10	9:00
7:40	9	1:57	Carpenter	9	2:34	9:...
7:40	6:48	1:53	Perkins	7:32	2:37	9:...
7:37	6:45	1:50	New Hill Junc	7:37	2:42	9:42
0	0	1:45	Newfield	7:41	2:40	0
7:05	6:36	1:41	Gold	7:44	2:49	9:46
7:00	6:30	1:35	Raymond	7:49	2:45	9:4...
6:45	6:21	1:24	Seven Bdg's	8:01	3:06	10:0...
6:40	6:17	1:20	Colesburg	8:04	3:09	10:1...
6:25	6:10	1:12	Frinks	8:12	3:17	10:30
6:15	0	1:05	N. Coudersport	0	3:26	10:35
6:10	6:00	1:00	Dp. Ar	8:25	3:30	10:45
A.M.	A.M.	P.M.	Coudersport			P.M.
4:20	7:45	12:15	Ar. Dp.	8:28	6:00	1:20
0	0	12:13	Hammond	0	0	0
4:05	7:38	12:09	Olmsted	8:33	6:05	1:21
3:59	7:35	12:05	Mina	8:37	6:10	1:37
3:45	0	11:59	Knowlton	0	6:17	0
3:40	7:25	11:55	Roulette	8:47	6:21	1:53
3:30	7:16	11:47	Burtville	8:54	6:28	2:01
3:23	0	11:41	Coleman	0	6:34	0
3:20	0	0	Chem. Wks	0	0	0
3:15	7:05	11:36	Pt. Allegany	9:08	6:40	2:25
P.M.	P.M.	A.M.	Dp Ar	A.M.	P.M.	P.M.

o—Trains do not stop.

Connections at Ulysses with N. Y. C. & H. R. R.'s at Port Allegany with W. N. Y. & P. R'y, and at Newfield Junction with B. & S. R. R.

Trains run on eastern standard time.

B. A. M'CLURE, Supt.

THE NEW YORK WORLD

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Chas. Lemmler,

Smethport, Pa

What the Worm Turned

By Honore Willsie

Copyright, 1906, by Honore Willsie.

Bob lay on his cot and looked out the door of the adobe hut toward the cook's shack, from the chimney of which came a wisp of smoke.

"Five o'clock," he thought. "Don't have to get up for an hour yet. It's going to be a rooster today." And he threw off the blanket which the cold of the Mexican night demanded, then lay with bared chest and hands locked behind his head. Through the door his gaze could travel for miles across the desert, and with eyes that saw but did not heed he stared far out where plain and sky met.

"Gads! What wouldn't I give to see the little old town?" he said aloud. "The willows on the river are just smoky fuzz about now. The maple leaves are just little reddish scraps, and the hyacinths are out, and the wild flowers are thick in Holman's woods. The air is just like—oh, look at those cactus plants! I wonder what grudge nature had against the earth when she made them. And the sky by noon will be nothing but an inverted redhot kettle, with us sputtering and frying down beneath it. Homesick! I tell you, I'm crazy with it! I'm"—

"Say, Bob, dry up your muttering and murmuring, will you, and give a man a chance to sleep!" And a sleep flushed face turned toward him from the cot across the room.

"Too late to sleep now, anyhow, Wallace," answered Bob. "Wake up and talk to a fellow, can't you?"

Wallace heaved a great sigh, tossed off his blanket and, like his friend, lay with bare chest and arms behind his head.

"Say, Wallace, let's pass this up and go back to God's country. These deserts are just wearing the heart out of me. Let's go back, finish up that last year in college and settle down and get white again. Uncle John was right. We never were cut out for mining experts. Gads! six months of this has been enough for me. The rash and 'ha'f breeds and, by Jove, most of all the blamed bugs have got on my nerves. I may be a bad sort of a girl, but I admit that I would like to go back where I could sleep without wondering if a centipede or half a dozen of those long-legged spiders were going to crawl up to me before morning. Let's go home, Wally."

Wallace's gray eyes stared steadily out the door. "Bob," he said slowly, "you don't know anything about homesickness compared with what I could tell you. But I tell you right here

THE CENTIPED HAD STOPPED IN THE MIDDLE OF WALLACE'S CHEST.

once for all, I'm not going home until Alice sends for me. You can do as you please."

Bob turned his pillow over, looked at his watch and then said: "Well, I've told you before that I thought you and Alice were a couple of chumps to let a misunderstanding about a waltz break your engagement, and I've told Alice so, I don't care if she is my sister. But it's your affair. And you know that, homesickness or no homesickness, I'll stick by the affair as long as you do."

"But," Wallace continued, exactly as if Bob had not spoken, "this is a God forsaken country. When you get out on the desert, with nothing but lonesomeness all around you, I tell you—say, Bob, do you remember that willow tree down by Acker's? I'll bet there will be forty kids down there before school this morning getting whistle sticks. The bark is just right now. And, say, I'll bet, too, that every kid of them has a russet apple in his pocket to eat at recess. Nothing but russets left now!"

"Um," said Bob. "I've forgotten what an apple looks like. And about now we'd be teasing to wear a straw hat to school—a cap gets so hot about noon—and every time one of the kids runs into another they rattle like gravel against a window pane."

"Marbles!" said Wallace. "Do you remember the time that Missy Jones swallowed a 'stoney' and the teacher licked him so hard for 'communicating' with you that Missy actually coughed it up? Gee! I haven't thought of that for years. And the grass in the pasture is getting velvety, and the little fellows are wondering how many weeks it will be before it will pay to cut school and go swimming. Say, Bob, do you remember"—

"Shut up, will you?" growled Bob. "Haven't I enough to remember without adding to the list? Say something pleasant now before we have to get up."

A silence followed. After a few seconds, without knowing why, Bob turned and looked at his friend. Then, with a gasp of horror, he lay still and stared. Wallace was lying with every muscle of his body rigid. His hands clutched either side of his cot, and beads of sweat stood on his forehead, while with half raised head he stared down at his chest. There, its ugly brown body outlined against the flesh, was a centiped slowly moving about on the white expanse, now forward, now back, now stopping, as if to wonder at the throbbing which vaguely disturbed it. Neither man stirred or uttered a sound. The natives had told them that when frightened the centiped digs in its claws for support and that thus the victim is poisoned. There was no sound save the heavy breathing of Bob and the song with which the cook announced to the world:

"The flower, the flower,
The pretty pepper flower
Lived and loved in the sun!"

The centiped had stopped in the middle of Wallace's chest. Bob saw a sudden quiver run through Wallace's white lips, and then slowly the tremor was communicated to his entire body.

"What can I do? Oh, what can I do?" he thought.

Then very deliberately the centiped began to move. Carefully, as if each of its myriad legs must be exactly planted, it traveled, inch by inch, across Wallace's body and then, like lightning, dropped to the floor. Simultaneously Bob was upon it with a heavy boot, and its ugly length of loathsomeness was gathered to its fathers. Then, without a word, Bob handed Wallace a dipper of water, which the man took with trembling hand and chattering teeth. Breathing hard, he lay white and limp for a few moments. Then he rose, pulled on his clothes and deliberately walking over to the wall, began to take down the garments hanging there and to throw them into a suit case.

"That will be about all for me," he said. "I made up my mind that if that thing ever got off me I was going home, where bugs are less affectionate. You can do as you please. I am going home to Alice." And he finished rolling his kit in on top of a bit of writing paper.

Bob watched him with a half grin. "Me, too, Pete," he said. He walked to the door and called to Pedro to harness the broncho.

"A centiped is a bold, bad bug," he continued, "but it wouldn't surprise me if Alice acquired a weakness for it." Then he, too, began to pack a suit case.

An Accented Speech.

It was in 1847, when the Free Soil split convention was held at Herkimer. There was a great gathering of Free Soil Democrats and abolitionists. In the ballroom of the hotel—it was called a tavern in those days—before the opening of the convention were gathered the leaders, who were constructing the new party platform, slating the officers and committees and doing other preliminary work. In a chair tilted against the wall was Prince John Van Buren running over the manuscript of the great speech he was to deliver. Occasionally he arrested the work of his associates with an invitation to listen to a paragraph which he considered especially good. His readings each time produced laughter and applause. Finally he read a passage which excited shouts of laughter and applause. When this had died away somebody said, "John, you ought to have that part printed in italics." Prince John affected surprise at the suggestion. "Gentlemen," he said, "I want you to understand that this speech is all italics!"

Deeds That Live.

In 1801, the Archduke Charles was called to take command of the army of Austria, which at the battle of Hohenlinden had been defeated by the French and Bavarians. Near the scene of action he met a number of wounded soldiers who had been abandoned on the road by their commander for want of horses to draw their carriages in the retreat.

The archduke, who on many occasions had shown his humanity, immediately ordered the horses to be taken from several pieces of cannon that were being hauled to the rear.

"The life of one brave man is better worth preserving than fifty pieces of ordnance," he said.

The abandoned guns fell into the hands of the French commander, who, when he heard of the motive that had prompted the sacrifice, immediately ordered the whole to be sent back to the gallant archduke with his compliments, observing that he should be unworthy of being the opponent of his imperial highness if he took advantage of so noble an act of humanity.

A Contradiction.

The Erie-blatt, published in the district of Hochst, Prussia, printed the other day this advertisement: "Lost, a perambulator containing a six-month-old baby, the same having been left on Sunday outside a public house in Sossenheim, or possibly in Hochst, or Unterliederbach. On the perambulator cover the following is embroidered, 'Sleep well, mother watches over you.'"

Necessary Training.

First Student—What are you studying law for if you don't intend to practice it? Second Student—Oh, I'm going in for politics, and I wish to know the weak points of the law.—Tom Watson's Magazine.

A HISTORIC VOLUME.

The Bible Used by the United States Supreme Court.

Kept secure by a steel lock and key in the supreme court room at Washington there is a small Oxford Bible around which cluster many notable and historic incidents. It was printed at Oxford in 1717, first came into the court's service in 1853 and is believed to be one of the 20,000 imported by congress a few years before. During its court career this volume has been called into service every day on which the august tribunal has held session.

The great constitutional lawyers of the formative period of our government as a prerequisite of their admission to practice before this learned body kissed its material face.

Besides these great legal lights every associate and chief justice, with the exception of Chief Justice Chase, who had a Bible of his own, and every lawyer except Daniel Webster, sworn to practice before the supreme court has taken his oath of allegiance on this little book. It is a tradition of the court that when Daniel Webster came before this high tribunal in his first argument in the defense of the chartered rights of his alma mater, Dartmouth college, against the legislative attacks of New Hampshire, by some strange inadvertence the oath was not administered. The tradition goes further, intimating that the judges were so impressed by the eloquence of his appeal, which stands out today as a classic in legal lore, that they either forgot or dared not mention his dereliction.

It is no wonder that this little Bible is so carefully preserved, endeared as it is with the memories of America's greatest statesmen and jurists. When a president is to be sworn the clerk of the court usually purchases a new Bible, and after the certificate has been affixed he presents it to the first lady of the land.—Leslie's Weekly.

THE CITY OF VENICE.

Its Peculiar Site and How It Came to Be Selected.

The city of Venice is approached from land at by a railway constructed over a stretch of swamp. Far beyond this swamp was another swamp which was a little higher. It had been cut of the water longer and had caught enough seaweed, sand, shells and sediment to be dry for birds to nest on. There was one island called the Rialto, which was really quite secure, and around this one there were said to be about seventy-five or eighty other islands, which today are occupied by the city of Venice. Some of these were originally not islands at all. They were mere high places in a great bog, which, by the cutting of channels and by artificial means, were converted into more or less fit places for the erection of buildings.

Without consulting history, one could almost guess that such an unfavorable spot as this was not selected as the site for a city out of free choice, and indeed it was not. Venice was started during the fifth and sixth centuries. The inhabitants of Padua and a few more north Roman cities, chased out by the Huns, the Goths and other tribes of barbarians, took refuge here in an Adriatic lagoon. The savages of Asia had no boats, so that the settlement was very safe and, leading an independent life, prospered here by itself during the middle ages at a surprising rate.

It was a monstrous work to make the city secure from the sea. Ship loads of stone were brought from other coasts. Dams and canals were built at great cost and the residents finally got enough of dry land about them to feel moderately safe.

Electricity in Plants.

"Electric currents in plants are due, says Kniegel, to the movements of water in the tissues, and not to differences of potential, existing independently. It was considered probable that vegetable electricity was due to biological processes, especially respiration and the consequent chemical changes. In experimenting with leaves and flowers dicotyledons and on a large mushroom in an atmosphere of hydrogen it was found that the electric current was diminished, but never quite suppressed, owing probably to intramolecular respiration. The electric current revives on air being readmitted.

When Eggs Were Eggs.

Paddy Doolan went into a shop one to buy eggs.

"What are eggs today?"

"Eggs are eggs today, Paddy," replied the shopman, looking quite triumphantly at two or three young lady customers who happened to be in the shop.

"Faith, I'm glad to hear you say so," replied Paddy, "for the last ones I got here were chickens."

Would Have to Be Crazy.

"Did you examine the house, sir?" asked the real estate agent.

"Yes," replied Kaustick, returning the keys.

"Well, we'll make the rent low to the right party."

"My dear sir, there couldn't be such a thing. No party who was right would rent that house."—Philadelphia Ledger.

"To Cadge."

"To cadge" is "to sponge on or live upon another." The "cadger" may assume to be more respectable than the plain beggar, but the difference between them is barely perceptible.—Chicago Tribune.

It cannot be too often repeated that it is not helps but obstacles, not facilities but difficulties, that make men.—Matthews.

SAVING JIM PETERS

By Mary Donaldson

Copyright, 1905, by R. B. McClure.

In every village in the land there is a ne'er-do-well who is pitied and condemned in the same breath. In the village of Glenville Jim Peters was the man. He was constitutionally lazy, was a loper from head to heel, and his wife and two children often wanted for clothes and food. Mr. Peters had been struggled with on numerous occasions. Women had given him tongue-lashings, and men had lifted at his coat feathers. He had been induced to sign the temperance pledge on twenty different occasions, only to break it each time anybody offered him a drink, and he had been provided with work many times over, only to show his general laziness.

One day when the Woman's Mission society was holding its monthly meeting Aunt Hanna Davis brought up Jim Peters' case anew and declared that something should be done. She was given license to go ahead, and she proceeded to go over the old beaten track. Jim signed the pledge, agreed to stop chewing tobacco and go to work, and he even expressed an anxiety to "get religion" and become in time a deacon of the church. His good resolutions carried him along for two weeks, and then he fell down, and he fell hard; not only that, but he boasted around that Aunt Hanna was an easy person to deal with.

The good woman lived about a mile out of the village, having a farm of her own and enjoying the life of a spinster, and one morning she got up to be told by the hired man that somebody had robbed the smokehouse overnight. Jim Peters was the only person for ten miles around who could be suspected, and when the hired man told his news he added that Jim ought to be arrested and his house searched for the plunder.

"We must not accuse any one without evidence," replied Aunt Hannah. "It may have been Jim Peters or it may have been a dog. I'm rather of the opinion that it was a dog, and I would suggest that you get out the old bear trap and set it in front of the smokehouse tonight. If a dog steals meat once he will twice won't he?"

"That's what I have heard," observed the hired man as he started for the barn to hunt for the old trap.

Aunt Hannah had started in to reform Jim Peters in earnest mood, and she bragged that she would accomplish what others had failed to do. When the man backslid she was reviled and criticised on all sides, and, although she seemed to take it in good part, she felt something of a spirit of revenge.

The bear trap was oiled and set, but it was a week before any game appeared. It was the hired man again who brought the news. As he came into the kitchen with the milk pails he observed jocularly:

"Well, Mrs. Davis, we have caught the dog."

"I see," she replied after a look from the window.

"It's a dog that looks exactly like Jim Peters."

"Yes? I'll go out after breakfast and have a closer look. I wish you would cut me three or four switches from a peach tree before you go to work. If you hear the dog howling, you needn't stop hoeing corn on that account."

The woman lingered over her breakfast as long as she could, and when she finally donned her sunbonnet and wandered out to the smokehouse she had several switches, a pail of water and a dipper in her hands.

"Good morning, Mr. Peters," she saluted when she had come to a halt."

"I was looking for my jackknife here last night, and I walked into this old trap," he said by way of explanation.

"Yes, I see. Is Mrs. Peters well?"

"About the same as usual."

"And the children?"

"Hang it, why don't you call Joe up and tell him to get me out of this? This infernal trap has about cut my leg off. It 'twas anybody but you I'd have the law on 'em. Who knows how long I'll be laid up with this leg?"

"Mr. Peters," said Aunt Hannah in very sober tones, "do you remember your promises to me?"

"How am I going to keep promises when all the town is agin' me? You are agin' me, too, or you wouldn't have set this trap for me."

"You have been coaxed, bribed, pleaded with and fairly bought, but you still loaf around and get drunk. It is time that some other plan was resorted to. Drink this."

She handed him a dipper of water, and he drank about half of it. He was about to pour the rest on the ground when she said:

"I know it has a strange taste to you, but you'll have to get used to it. Don't waste a drop. Here—have some more."

"I've had a-plenty."

Aunt Hannah picked up one of the switches and proceeded to lay it over Jim's shoulders in a vigorous manner. As it was summer and he had only a ragged cotton shirt across his back he was speedily reminded of his boyhood days. He reached for the dipper and downed a quart of water, and then said:

"I say, I want this trap taken off. Do you think I'm a man of wood or iron? When I tell folks that Aunt Hannah Davis is plum mean 'nuff to set bear traps for innocent persons she'll be hauled up in law."

"I've heard on good authority, Mr. Peters, that you lick your wife."

"If I do she needs it."

"Well, we'll see how a licking goes in your case. We'll try one anyhow as an experiment."

"I'll holler and raise the hull county."

"Then the whole county will be here to see."

Aunt Hannah picked out the longest switch, dampened her hand to keep her hold good, and then began the "experiment." Only the third blow had fallen when Peters began to yell, but no pause was made until he had received the thrashing of his life. The woman had the will and the muscle, and the sprout from the peach tree was supple and lasting. When about thirty blows had been administered Aunt Hannah paused.

"You see how it works," she said, "and you don't seem to like it. Will you ever whip your wife again?"

"I won't promise till you let me out o' this trap."

"Oh, you won't! Then we'll have a little more of it."

Six or eight more stinging cuts were enough for Jim. He promised on his word of honor never to raise his hand against his wife again. He was then handed a third dipper of water, and when he refused it the switch came down over his back, and the woman said:

"You've got to learn to like the taste of water, and you've got to learn here and now. Your children had to go barefoot all last winter because you had to have your whisky. Drink it down or you'll get another thrashing."

Jim managed to drink the water, and was then asked for his promise not to touch intoxicating drinks for one year.

"But what am I goin' to do when a feller offers to treat?" he protested.

"You are going to remember this," she replied as she gave him half a dozen cuts and brought a fresh chorus of howls.

He promised. Aunt Hannah went into the house and wrote out a pledge. It was a pledge embracing four or five promises, and after he had taken another drink from the dipper Jim put his name to it. The hired man was then called up to sign as a witness and to pry open the jaws of the trap, and Jim went limping away.

That day marked an epoch in Jim Peters' life. Within a week he had work. He turned to water like a duck. He administered no more lickings to his wife. In fact, before a year was up he was spoken of as a sober, steady man, and had credit at the stores for the first time in his life. Plenty of people asked Aunt Hannah how she did it, and her answer was alike to all:

"Why, I first got my bear trap and then tried an experiment."

Tracing Back a Common Saying.

It is a curious bit of literary exercise to take a common saying and trace it back to its origin. Take the common saying, for instance, "All that glitters is not gold." It is found in current literature everywhere and in a dozen different forms. Dryden renders it: "All, as they say, that glitters is not gold." Spenser says, "Gold all is not that doth golden seem." Lydgate has the same idea in the words, "All is not gold that outward showeth bright." Chaucer expresses it in somewhat different phraseology. Middleton has it, "All is not gold that glisteneth," and Shakespeare says, "All that glistens is not gold." Go a little farther back, however, and the same expression is found in the mankish collection of proverbs, and there is no doubt if a classical scholar were to set to work with the determination to hunt the proverb down, no matter how long it took, he would find it in Latin, Greek and most other ancient and dead languages. It is a natural outgrowth of sarcasm as applied to actions showing and is no doubt as old as the science of moral working.

Entrapping Marine Monsters.

On the northern coast of Norway the fishermen get a yearly harvest from the whales which stray into the harbors. At certain localities, where the bays are almost landlocked, lofty stands are erected, similar to the otter outlooks on the north Pacific, and when a school is sighted scores of boats put out and, by the simple process of driving, hundreds of the oil producing cetaceans are entrapped. The Faroe islands are famous for this method of whaling. One of the largest catches ever made was in Hvarfiord, Iceland, where eleven hundred were driven ashore. The blackfish, or whales, come down the Atlantic coasts from the north, encounter shallow water, then follow it along and are naturally led into the cul-de-sac awaiting them. Here the boats easily surround and drive the whales in.

Didn't Catch Them.

The following story of Oliver Wendell Holmes was told some years ago by a physician who was a student in the Harvard Medical school when Dr. Holmes was an instructor in anatomy there.

One day the subject before the class was the cranium, and a human skull was passed from hand to hand, the instructor asking the members of the class to describe the prominences, cavities and apertures. Student after student gave the names and locations of the orifices, until finally the inquiry narrowed down to one opening which baffled every one.

Dr. Holmes waited patiently for some one to distinguish himself, but no explanation was advanced. When all had given it up, the doctor rather dryly remarked: "That is Holmes' hole. I made it myself."

THE FRIGATE BIRD.

It Has the Greatest Wing Power Any Flying Animal.

It has been demonstrated that the wing area of different flying creatures varies from about forty-nine square feet per pound of weight in the gull and five square feet in the swallow to half a square foot per pound of weight in the Australian crane. The frigate bird has the most wonderful wing power of any of the flying animals, being able to cut the air at the rate of 100 miles an hour and live continually on the wing day and night for a week or ten days. Ornithologists of note even give it as their opinion that a healthy individual of this species would be equal to the task of making a trip around the world without once closing its wings in rest. It is also claimed that some species can remain motionless in the air for hours without flapping their wings. That they can exert three times the horsepower per pound of weight that a man can and about the same amount more than a horse. It is, without question, a fact that birds in general can exert physical energy that is without parallel in nature. It is generally supposed that birds are lighter, bulk for bulk, than other animals, but repeated experiments have proved that there are no grounds upon which to base such an opinion.

HOSPITABLE FOLKS.

One Never Beholds a Small Dining Table in Brazil.

The Brazilians are a most hospitable people. Although they have large families, they take in all their stray, unfortunate relatives. It is not unusual to find households of twenty-four persons or more. Oftentimes the host and hostess have no children, and the family is made up of sisters and cousins and relatives-in-law. One never sees a small dining table in Brazil. It is always a very long board in a very large room. When it is not to be all occupied the cloth is spread only at one end. No effort is made at artistic effects. Rigid rules for table deportment are not observed. You will not gain the frowning enmity of your hostess if you splash her table linen with wine. If she notices it at all she will think good naturedly that these things cannot be helped.

Bread comes by the yard to eat with coffee in the morning. The midday breakfast is begun with salad and ends with guayaba jelly, cheese and a delicious little cup of black coffee.

Dinner is a repetition of breakfast in dishes and in order of serving, excepting that soup is substituted for salad at the beginning and more desserts are offered.

THE TOOTHBRUSH TREE.

An Accommodating Little Plant That Grows Only in Jamaica.

The toothbrush was brown, brown alike in handle and bristles, and its shape was uncouth.

"It is a homemade article," said its owner. "It grew on a little tree, a toothbrush tree. They have a toothbrush tree in Jamaica. As we go out and pluck a peach or a pear, so the Jamaicaian goes out and plucks a toothbrush.

"Literally, of course, he doesn't pluck a toothbrush. He cuts off a twig and ravels out one end into bristles. The wood, you see, is somewhat saponaceous, like slippery elm, and it has an aromatic flavor like dentifrice. It makes a toothbrush of good quality.

"The bark of this singular tree is often ground into tooth powder. Here is a box of the ground bark. It smells good, doesn't it? Though it makes no lather, it keeps the teeth very white.

"Jamaica is undoubtedly the only country in the world where you can go out and pluck not only your toothbrush, but your dentifrice from a tree."—Chicago Chronicle.

Buried in Wax.

King Edward I. of England died July 7, 1307, and 400 years later the English Society of Antiquarians opened his tomb in order to find out if he really had been buried in wax as the legend ran. The chronicler of the time remarks: "To their great astonishment, they found the royal corpse to appear as represented by the historian." Although the skull appeared bare, the face and hands seemed perfectly entire. The king was found to be six feet two inches in length, thus fully justifying his nickname of Longshanks.

Wanted Her Money's Worth.

Mme. Parvenu—Can I get you and your orchestra to play at my soiree next Thursday night?

Orchestra Leader—Certainly.

Mme. Parvenu—Well, you may consider yourself engaged. But I want to make arrangements to hire you by the piece. Do you understand? The last time I engaged you by the hour, and your men took advantage of it and played slow, soft things most of the time.

A Raft at Sea.

Mrs. Chugwater—This paper says the passengers escaped on a raft. How could they make a raft at sea? Mr. Chugwater—They could use the ship's log, couldn't they? Why don't you use your own reasoning faculties once in awhile?—Chicago Tribune.

Wheat and Oats.

While the millionaire is making money in wheat his son is often blowing it on wild oats.—Tom Watson's Magazine.

An irritable man has, like a hedgehog, rolled up the wrong way, tormenting himself with his own prickles.—Hood.

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CONTRARIETY DEFEATED

By Margaret Richards

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Martha closed her book with an impatient little bang. "I don't see why you are forever talking about him," she exclaimed resentfully.

Aunt Clara, the long suffering, looked appealingly at her pretty niece. "But, Martha, Mrs. Barry makes such a point of your meeting him," she protested plaintively.

"And I make a point of not meeting him," interpolated her rebellious niece.

"But, Martha, he is"—

"Oh, I know them all," interrupted Martha—"unmarried, well born, good looking, rich, famous," she repeated glibly, checking off the words on the tips of her pretty fingers.

"He is all that and more," replied Aunt Clara warmly, "and why you should assume this unreasonable attitude is more than I can understand."

Her niece eyed her resentfully. "I don't see why I should be expected to put myself forward for this paragon's approval," she objected.

Aunt Clara's voice trembled with righteous indignation. "Martha, Jordan, you talk like an idiot," she said.

"Then why do you always throw me at him?" demanded Martha.

"No one is trying to throw you at him," continued her aunt with unexpected energy. "He probably wouldn't take you if they did."

"Indeed he wouldn't," murmured her niece feelingly.

"Mrs. Barry has asked us to dine—and incidentally to meet her nephew. I have had to make excuses for you twice before, Martha. You will go this time?" she pleaded anxiously.

"Not I," responded Martha. "I shall not inflict my unworthy presence upon the Hon. John Clark Chamberlin."

"I cannot understand this violent antagonism you seem to have developed," remonstrated Aunt Clara, relapsing into her usual state of plaintive protest. "And what reason can I give?"

"Say I am out of town. I will go on up to Stockbridge. It will be only two days earlier than we were going anyhow."

"You would be alone," expostulated Aunt Clara.

"Only for two days, and Mrs. Reid is there—you don't mind, dear?" coaxingly.

"But"—

"That's a darling." Two warm arms were around Aunt Clara's neck and a soft cheek pressed hers lovingly. "And now I will make you a cup of nice hot tea and see if Mary has baked any of the cakes you like and perhaps there will be time enough for me to run down to Smith's before dinner and get that lace you wanted."

Poor Aunt Clara subsided helplessly.

It was two days later that a young man, tall, broad shouldered, suit case in hand, rushed up the steps of the subway at the Grand Central station, dashed through the waiting room, pushed past the guard at the gate, ran toward the Pittsfield express and leaped on to the steps of the last car as the train was pulling out of the station.

"Rag tag, bobtail run, mister," commented the brakeman, who had watched his flying approach with admiring interest.

The young man laughed as he swung himself up the steps and into the crowded car. "There must be a run on Berkshires," he reflected as he walked slowly along the aisle. Every seat was filled. The next car was no better, but in the third his eyes lighted on a vacant place.

"May I sit here?" he asked perfunctorily, glancing casually at the other occupant, then looking again with growing interest as he realized that his prospective neighbor was a decidedly pretty girl. Not he was allowed only the briefest glimpse of a pair of gray eyes as their owner vouchsafed him a formal nod, and he sank thankfully into the seat beside her. He glanced furtively at her as the train left the tunnel. The survey was not encouraging. Evidently the gray eyes, the dimpled chin, the fair face turned so steadfastly toward the window, were not for him.

On and on sped the train. Mamaroneck, Rye, Stamford glided swiftly by. He pulled out his paper and forgot the proximity of the gray eyes until, looking up suddenly, he surprised them looking into his own. She flushed and turned abruptly to the window, and he bowed gravely and returned to his paper, but the article had lost its interest. He found himself rebelling at the convention that proscribed his speaking to her and then wondered at his rebellion. He had never before shown any symptoms of undue susceptibility, he reflected dryly, smiling at the memory of his aunt's frantic efforts at matchmaking on his behalf.

One hour—two hours—three hours passed. On they went, through villages nestling in shallow valleys, past fields white with daisies and on through long, wooded slopes, as the train wound in and out among the hills. If something only would happen, he thought, looking absently at the panorama unfolded from the car window—and then something did!

The train went more and more slowly, halted, stood still; the passengers thrust inquiring heads out of the car windows or streamed to the platforms, and in the midst of the confusion a pair of tearful gray eyes sought his anxiously.

He assured her there could be no danger and stepped quickly into the aisle. "I will see what is wrong," he said.

"Please let me go with you," she said, rising nervously, the lovely color coming and going in the soft cheeks. Hardly daring to credit his good fortune, he made a path for her through the crowded car to the open air, where, looking ahead, he saw as pretty a wreck as the most ardent lover could desire. A freight train had come to grief. One car was derailed; the other lay flat on its side across the track, obstinately resisting all efforts of the wrecking crew to put it right side up again. The conductor announced that it would be an hour, perhaps two, before the train could go on. Martha's companion looked at her triumphantly. Truly, fate had shown a nice understanding of the situation.

Some of the passengers walked slowly back to their places; others climbed the hilly slope or wandered down through the woods to the brook below. Martha hesitated, a trifle uncertain, and then, because he seemed to take her going with him so entirely as a matter of course, she followed him through the woods, and he found a seat for her on a low, flat rock by the brook and stood, tall and straight, before her.

"Don't you think," he began—"that is, I hope you won't be offended"—He reddened, conscious that he was making a mess of it. Then he took out his card case abruptly. "May I give you my card?" he cried simply.

"Oh, no, you mustn't—please don't!" she cried.

He stood bewildered, a little hurt.

"Don't you see," she explained, "that it is just because we do not know each other that all this"—waving her hand vaguely—"is possible?"

He laughed outright. "Now, I should have thought," he said, settling himself comfortably at her feet, "that it would be more—possible—if I could say, 'Are you quite comfortable, Miss —or— Smith?'"

She shook her head.

"No, it wouldn't do at all," she objected.

"But I am going to know you," he insisted resolutely.

"How?" she asked demurely.

"I shall call and present my credentials to your family."

The vision of poor Aunt Clara confronted by this insistent young man was too much for Martha's gravity, and she laughed hysterically.

"Indeed! And where shall you call?" she gasped.

He laughed with her, and then a sudden constraint fell on them both. He broke it, and his voice was low and earnest.

"Will you not tell me where I may find you?" he asked.

"At Stockbridge Inn," she whispered.

His face was radiant as he studied his time table intently.

"A train leaves Pittsfield at 3 tomorrow afternoon. I should be there by 4," he said.

* * * * * * *

Mrs. Reid drove off, bristling with righteous indignation. It was bad enough that Martha should have arrived hours late the night before. It was inexplainable that she should refuse to drive and insist upon spending the afternoon in her room.

"Thank goodness, her aunt comes tomorrow," murmured Mrs. Reid.

In the meantime Martha threw down the book she had been trying to read and hastily opened her door.

"For me?" she questioned anxiously.

The bell boy eyed her uncertainly.

"He asked for the young lady as come last night," he said doubtfully.

"That's all right," returned Martha, beaming. "Say that I will be down in a minute."

She straightened her stock at the mirror and gave her hair an approving little pat. Then she turned over the card in her hand and regarded it with amusement.

"Mr. John Clark Chamberlin!" she gasped.

A Professor Talks Against Surgery.

Professor Ernst Schwenninger, leading physician of the great district hospital of Gross Lichterfelde, near Berlin, says that in his opinion recourse is had to operations far too frequently nowadays. It is a surgical craze which has seized on the profession, to be remembered hereafter in its record with amazement. Cutting out the spleen and the vermiform appendix because nothing is known of their functions—an expedient so frequent in modern practice—he looks on as the top notch of professional frenzy. The professor deplores the existing system of specialization in medical studies and does not think that the practitioner who studies the pathology of only a single organ can have a proper knowledge of the others which go to make up the human construction. "The man," he says, "who devotes all his power of work, all his knowledge and capabilities, to the treatment of only the eyes, nose, ears, skin, nerves or other organs runs a risk of losing feeling, and hence the power to treat human beings. He ceases to be a physician and becomes a specialist."

Not a Day's Work For A. V. C.

Major General Willie McBean, V. C., was in his day perhaps the best known "character" that ever rose from being a private soldier to the command of a division. Willie got his "cross" for killing no fewer than eleven mutineers one after the other at the storming of Lucknow, and in connection with its bestowal a curious anecdote is still current in the regiment, says the Glasgow Evening News. Of course there was a general parade of "every man who wore a button," and Sir R. Garrett, who pinned the decoration on the hero's breast, made the customary little speech, in the course of which he alluded to the episode as "a good day's work." "Toots, toots, mon," replied Willie, quite forgetting he was on parade and perhaps a little piqued at his performance being spoken of as a day's work—"toots, mon, it did not tak' me twunty meenutes."—Pall Mall Gazette.

Wouldn't Take It Out In Trade.

A Welshman sued a fellow countryman some time since for a certain amount of money owing to him. The debtor repeatedly offered to take the debt out in trade, but this offer did not seem at all to suit the taste of the creditor. At last the judge asked the plaintiff the reason for his unwillingness to accept the debtor's offer to "work off the debt."

His reply was, "Well, you see, your honor, the man's an undertaker!"

A Winner.

Briggs—Is Perkins successful in his philosophy? Griggs—Oh, yes. His wife has supported him for years.—Life.

THE WAYS OF A HEN

THEY ARE WORTHY OF MORE STUDY THAN THEY RECEIVE.

Some of the Peculiarities of This Domestic Fowl, Which Is at Once About the Wisest and Most Foolish Animal That Lives.

Half wild, with the ancestral habits of the jungle fowl about her and the wariness of fear apparent in every domestic act, and still half tamed with the senseless confidence of ignorance in evidence and showing plainly in many acts, the domestic hen is worthy of more study than she receives.

Cutlery handlers by long practice can tell almost to a hair's breadth the distance it will result from any given cross between two mated varieties and can foresee how many eggs new breeds will lay in a year, and so [illegible] the issue of the unborn offspring from mated mating that we [illegible] but little to discover from observation. The physique and character [illegible] the quantity of egg product, the weight and fertility of [illegible] observation are not all there is [illegible]

[illegible] the fowl may not have a [illegible] has both a gizzard and a [illegible] while [illegible] the advantage [illegible] Surely, she [illegible] she would not [illegible] had certain men [illegible] which serve better than [illegible] however could hope to do. [illegible] things, the two ends without going [illegible] the intervening.

Take two eggs and place in one two grains of yellow flint corn, such as is grown in Maine, and put in the other two grains of gold dollars, such as are still minted in San Francisco. Now, each dish among the gravel of the backyard and note how the poultry will pick up and swallow the corn, leaving the gold to be cut and mingle with the corn on earth.

To an unthinking observer a gold dollar bears a fairly close resemblance to a kernel of yellow flint corn. Both are reddish yellow, both are nearly of equal size. To human senses both are hard and odorless and, until broken open, tasteless. By what organ of sense does the hen distinguish the dollar from the kernel? From the human standpoint of the senses of taste and smell you cannot tell one from the other. The extra weight of the gold coin is not the reason why it is discarded, because a hen will pick up oats as well as corn, though one holds thirty-two and the other fifty-six pounds to the even bushel.

If the contents of the two measures had been spread out in front of men the choice would not have been made according to hen conclusions, for the reason that men have learned how gold dollars are constructed. But if a hen had never seen a kernel of corn or a gold dollar before during her existence she would have chosen the corn just as quickly. Why was she led to make the choice?

Among the most interesting features in raising poultry is to note the reversion to ancestral types which crops out in the young. The custodian of the crops may watch about the premises for days and weeks without creating any gossip among the hens, but let a stranger come along, and the outcry of danger is made forthwith. This inherited dread of a foe crops out to a marked degree in the young. If a hen steals her nest and incubates her young and brings them to the door to be fed every chick in the lot will scoot away and hide as soon as a human being appears on the scene.

Among game fowl and the smaller breeds this fear continues for weeks, though it nearly disappears when the chicks become adults. The family dog may loaf about the yard for weeks and never raise a squawk of protest, but let a new dog approach the premises, and the interior of the poultry may be heard from afar. A skunk will drive the poultry into hysterics; though a black and white striped cat that belongs on the place can insinuate itself in the runways for hours and never be wakened by poultry outcries.

At what age and by what manner do chickens learn to distinguish their friends? Having been made able to understand that the man who has charge of them is their protector, why do they not extend this confidence to all human beings?

Hens are at once the wisest and most foolish animals that live.

If a dog receives punishment a few times for visiting a certain spot, it will acquire wisdom from contact with the switch and will either shun the forbidden place entirely or will wait until the human dealer in vengeance has gone away. But no form of punishment invented by man can wean a hen from invading a garden and scratching among the plants. If we superior human beings could fathom the mind of the humblest hen and could learn all there is to know as to her mental processes we might write a book that would astonish the world and outdo Darwin in probing for the secrets of life.—Bangor News.

Fatal Thirteen.

Bill the Brute—Thirteen's my unlucky number. Pete the Dip—Wot makes yer t'ink so? Bill—W'enever I sees twelve men in de box and one on de bench I know I'm go'n' ter take a trip over de road.—Cleveland Leader.

On His Last Legs.

"Do you say pigs and bones?"

"Yes, certainly."

"Then I'd like in the scales, will you?"—Punchinello.

The glory of ancestors sheds a light around posterity. It allows neither their good nor bad qualities to remain in obscurity.—Swift.

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DEITIES OF THE ANCIENTS.

How the Vestal Virgins Were Honored by the Romans.

The principal wind deities were Boreas, the north wind; Zephyrus, the west; Auster, the south, and Eurus, the east wind. The first was remembered chiefly on account of a love scrape. He fell in love with a nymph, but could not speak softly and found himself unable to sigh at all. Knowing that it was impossible to make love without soft speeches and sighs, he was about to give up lovemaking as a bad job and go back to his regular business of blowing, but took advice of an expert, who recommended him to carry off the girl. He did so. She soon got used to his blowing, and they lived happily ever afterward.

Vesta was the goddess of life and of home. Her altar stood on every hearthstone; her fire burned on the altar of every public building. Emigrants when leaving their country always carried with them fire from the public hearth. The Vestal virgins spent thirty years in service—ten in learning their duties, ten in practicing them, ten in teaching novices. After this term had expired they might, if they chose, leave the service of their divine mistress or marry, but few did so. Honors were showered upon them. They rode in chariots, a privilege in Rome accorded only to royalty. The best seats in the amphitheater were reserved for them. They pardoned or condemned the gladiators. If a criminal led to execution met a Vestal he was instantly released, no matter what his crime.

CORPULENCE AND SANITY.

The Gospel of Fat as Applied to the Mentally Afflicted.

Are the majority of folk of weak intellect? Is insanity on the increase? Are we all preparing ourselves for lunatic asylums? These startling questions have occurred to me after reading an article in a medical journal on the "gospel of fat as applied to the treatment of mental disease." It seems that the more you fatten up the mentally afflicted the saner they become, but of course the difficulty lies in providing the lunatic with adipose tissue, as there is nothing like brain disease to cause too, too solid flesh to melt.

The aim of most of us nowadays is to keep down what our transatlantic friends, with their genius for using the ugliest word for everything, unceremoniously call "flesh." We bathe, we massage, we diet. We fly to these and those waters, we try all manner of cures and put ourselves into various kinds of straps and pastes and take violent exercise with the aim of fining ourselves down and keeping stoutness at bay.

Does this decided disposition on the part of men and women to avoid corpulence and the successful "thinning down" that we notice on all sides portend increase of lunacy? If so, dieting and the taking of waters and massage ought to be forbidden by act of parliament. By the way, Hamlet was fat and scant of breath, but he was certainly far from sane.—London World.

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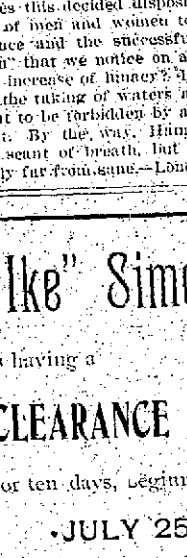

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